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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIX. No. 748. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1945 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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BACK TO THEIR VOMIT

> When the election came it woefully cheapened Britain. . . . Moreover, in the wider sphere of Europe the blatancies of electioneering had robbed Britain in an appreciable degree of her dignity. The national bearing, faultless in the years of trial—loyal, cool, temperate, humane amidst terrors and reverses—had experienced quite a vulgar upset.

These words are taken from the eloquent description of the 1918 election in Mr. Churchill's *Aftermath*. They need no revision as a description of the 1945 election, in which Churchill himself plays the part of Mr. Lloyd George. Of the Prime Minister in 1918 Mr. Churchill added:

> He ought to have been more sure of himself at this time, and of the greatness of his work and situation. He could well have afforded, as it turned out, to speak words of sober restraint and of magnanimous calm.

Strangely enough, the evil genius who has led Mr. Churchill to cheapen himself in 1945, was also behind Mr. Lloyd George in 1918. An eminent contemporary observer wrote of Lord Beaverbrook:

> If a newspaper proprietor, who has made his wealth by skill in manipulating men, gets personal access to such a statesman, he can surround him with a refreshing and exhilarating atmosphere of quick understanding and cynical amusement, and with the subtle flattery of the newspapers which the statesman reads. A few weeks of this process may divert to world destruction national energies which might have been used for world co-operation. . . . Because of what he (Mr. Lloyd George) then said and did children a century hence in every European country who might have lived in health will be crippled or killed by diseases . . . nations who might have been friends will hate and fear each other.

Will the same be written of Mr. Churchill a few years hence? As in 1918, 1924 and 1931, the Conservative Party avoids fighting on a programme; it diverts the public mind from the real issues of national and world reconstruction; it tries to turn the election into a plebescite behind one Great Man—who is a great man, but who would be helpless if the Tories won the election. Once again the stale dodge of a "coupon" has been revived; Mr. Churchill is asking for support for any candidate who pledges his loyalty to the Prime Minister. Once again "National" is substituted for Conservative because Conservatism is associated with an era of poverty and unemployment ending in war. The Tory Press proposes to abolish the controls, which, as responsible leaders of every party know, are our only safeguard against mass unemployment and an orgy of inflation. Mr. Churchill lends himself to the cry that a Labour Government would establish a "Gestapo," and that the people's savings are endangered by socialism, when no one knows better than he that the surest road to a ruinous inflation would be the scramble for profits he lowers himself by advocating.

The Laski "Red Letter" is the latest and poorest scare. As Mr. Laski has at once issued a writ of libel we make no further comment. None of these stunts deserves a minute's attention from the electorate. They are chosen because of their supposed appeal to a large number of ignorant voters, who may be led by fear into voting as they did in 1918, 1924 and 1931. The harm done to this country by Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Churchill's "Kitchen Cabinet" is already beyond computation. The constitutional position of Lord Beaverbrook is itself a matter which seems to need some clarification. Lord Baldwin, as Prime Minister, laid it down in the clearest terms that members of the Government must not be directors of business concerns while they hold Cabinet office, and this ruling has been endorsed by subsequent Prime Ministers. But the immediate concern of everyone who cares for the preservation of our democracy, and for the good name of this country, should be to prevent a small and unscrupulous clique (who do not represent, we are glad to believe, the best elements of the Conservative Party) from stampeding the electorate into giving a blank cheque to those Tory forces which Mr. Churchill has himself accused of exercising "the tyranny of a well-fed party machine."

Fortunately most of the electorate know that the real issue is: who is to control the wealth of this country after the war; whether it is to be used for public or private benefit; whether they are to have good homes and jobs, or, once again, no decent homes and the misery of unemployment.

King Leopold's Challenge

King Leopold has issued his challenge to the Belgian people by announcing that he proposes to return and resume his constitutional powers: in plain words, he will not abdicate. He may try to form a government, which could represent only the Catholic Right. It will be heavily defeated, if ever it faces the provisional Chamber and Senate. A dissolution would in normal circumstances follow, but could an election be held on the 1937 register, from which the younger generation, the mainspring of the Resistance movement, would be excluded? It is probable, if not certain, that a substantial majority of the electorate is against the King, for by 88 votes to 3 the Liberal Council has followed the Socialists and Communists in demanding his abdication. One awkward aspect of the division of opinion is that it breaks the national unity of Belgium, since Flemings on the whole support the King, while Walloons oppose him. The Left is not making a republican stand. The grounds for its opposition to Leopold are (1) that the King's tendency is authoritarian and his entourage semi-Fascist; (2) that he acted unconstitutionally by remaining in Belgium in 1940 against his Ministers' advice; and (3) that in various ways he showed a collaborationist attitude. Certainly by using his influence to end the alliance with France and resume a status of neutrality, the King's long-term policy favoured Nazi plans, since no joint defence could be concerted with the Allies. It is unlikely that the workers will take this challenge lying down. If and when the King returns, he may be greeted by a general strike. Mr. Van Acker has warned the miners that, if they strike, the Allies might cut off food supplies. There are unpleasant rumours in Brussels that a few days ago the King's mother brought back from London

Entertainments

ARTS (Tem. 7544). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 2.30 & 7. "The Government Inspector," by Gogol. Mems. only. Thr. mem., 5s.

UNITY, Goldington St., N.W.1. "Alice in Thunderland," by Bill Rowbotham. Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. Mems. only. Ann. subscription, 2s. Eus. 5391.

CHANTICLEER Theatre Club, Clareville Street, S.W.7. Second Play of Ostrovsky Season, "Larissa." Run extended till Saturday, 23rd. Tues.-Sat., 7. Sun., 3, 7. KEN. 5845.

TOYNBEE Hall Theatre, 28 Commercial St., E.1. "Tanya," by Alexei Arbuzov. First English production. June 21st, 7.15 p.m.; June 23rd, 2.30 & 7 p.m.

ANGLO-Austrian Music Society, Ltd. Peter Pears, Benjamin Britten, at Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. June 21st, 7. Songs by Purcell, Schubert, Benjamin Britten, Alban Berg. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., Hon. Sec., 35, South Audley St., W.1. GRO. 1732. Post & 'phone only.

ROYAL Albert Hall. June 20th, 7.15. Beethoven Concert. Ida Haendel. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Fistoulari. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 2s., Hall & Ibbs & Tillett, 124, Wigmore St.

ROYAL Albert Hall. June 19th, 7. In aid of Help Holland Council. Myra Hess. New London Orchestra. Conductor: Alec Sherman. Beethoven Programme. 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., Hall & Ibbs & Tillett, 124, Wigmore St.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music. 51st Studio Recital of Chamber Music, followed by discn. Chair: Dr. Hubert Clifford. Tues., 19th, 6.30 p.m., Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Regent St., W.1. Adm. free.

SUSAN Slivko Piano Recital. Tues., 19th, 8 p.m., at St. Marylebone Civil Defence Club, 27a Marylebone Road, W.1. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. Mems. and friends welc.

ROYAL Albert Hall. Fri., 22nd, 7 p.m. Musical Culture Limited presents London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Karl Rankl. Works by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Dukas, Puccini, Strauss. Nicole Henriot (Solo Piano), John McHugh (Solo Tenor). Tickets, 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., from Royal Albert Hall (Ken. 3661), and usual Agents (tickets issued for Concert on May 10th are valid).

ROYAL College of Music. June 23rd, 6.30. "A Child of Our Time"—Tippett. Artists: Joan Cross, Anne Wood, Peter Pears, Owen Brannigan, University of London Choir, Conductor: Dr. C. T. Lofthouse. Invitation card obtainable, price 2s. 6d., from Miss Trust, Richmond College, Surrey.

STAR Variety. Tommy Handley, Chas. Shadwell, Dorothy Summers, etc. Aid Yugoslavia Emergency Committee Fund, June 18th, 2.30 p.m.. Cambridge Theatre. Seats reservable from 5s. to £2 2s. Apply Yugoslavia Emergency Cttee., Bloomsbury House, W.C., or usual agents.

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Upper Regent St., W.1. June 21st at 6. Purcell. Bernard Stephens Trio & Rubbra Spenser Sonnet. Artist: Jan van der Gucht. "Music and the Piano." 24 illus. University lectures by Shula Doniach. June 18th, 6.30 "Modern Composers, German & Austrian." Applics. for membership to Sec., 53 Welbeck St., W.1. (Wel. 1259).

DANCE. Central London Fabian Society. June 16th, 7.30 p.m. Art Workers' Guild Hall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Frank Holmes' band. Tickets at door, 3s. 6d.

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

DESIGN at Home organised by C.E.M.A., National Gallery, 10–6. Sundays, 2–6. Admission 1s. (Sats. 6d.)

YOUR House: An exhibition of modern building methods applied to houses to suit individual needs. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

CONTEMPORARY Paintings. Oil and water colour pictures by artists of to-day. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

COSMOPOLITAN Contemporary Drawings, Instituto Espanol, 58 Prince's Gate, S.W.7. June 11th–30th. Weekdays 11–6 (Tues. and Thurs. 11–8), Sundays 2–4. Free. An "Art for the People" exhib. arranged for C.E.M.A.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Chatin Sarachi. Water-colours by Leslie Hurry and Walter H. Nessler. Hours 10–6, Sat. 10–1.

PETER Jones Gallery, June 18th–July 14th. Selection of Paintings and Drawings by Sigmund Pollitzer. 1st Floor, Sloane Sq., S.W.1. Daily 9–5.30. Sats. until 1 p.m.

BAROQUE of Flanders and Holland (Van Dyck, F. Hals, Rembrandt, H. Saghers, s.o.). Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, 10–5. Admission 1s.

THE Lefevre Gallery, 131/134 New Bond Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Anne Carlisle. Twenty Paintings by Spencer Gore. Daily, 10–5.30. Sats., 10–1.

"THE Engineer in British Life." Exhib. of contemporary and historical pictures organised by A.I.A. for Amalgamated Engineering Union. June 16th to 30th. Daily 12 to 7; Suns. 2–7. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Adm. free.

RACIAL Relations Group (Inst. of Sociol.). June 21st, 2.30, Friends House, Euston Rd. Rev. G. W. Broomfield on "Public Opinion on Race Relations in the Colonies."

"QUESTIONS and Answers." Bring your questions about the Bahá'i Faith to the Bahá'i Centre, 1 Victoria St., S.W.1, June 17th, 3.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. June 17, Conway Mem. Lect., Kingsley Martin, M.A., "Truth and the Public."

Lectures—continued

"CHILD Care in the Soviet Union." Spkr.: Miss Isotova, a Soviet Teacher. Bedford House Wartime Restaurant, Chiltern St., W.1. June 19th, 5–7 p.m. Org. by Women's British-Soviet Cttee. Adm. 2s. 6d., incl. tea.

THE Engels Society. Inaugural Lecture. June 21st, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall (Library), Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. F. A. Ridley: "Marxist Philosophy and the Present Social Crisis." Adm. 1s. Tickets (and partics. of membership) from 22a Canonbury Grove, N.1.

"MODERN Philosophy and Theosophical Thought." Mrs. Adelaide Gardner. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Pl., W.1. June 17th, 6 p.m. Collection.

PROGRESSIVE League Lecture. Prof. D. Mitrany: "International Organisation and Freedom." Chair: Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Wed., June 20th, 7.30 p.m. Victory House Hall (N.S.P.C.C.), Leicester Sq. Adm. 1s. 6d.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. June 17th, "After Death —What?"

LONDON Forum Pub. Lect. W. W. Coupe: "Being and Space." June 18th, 7.30, Chanticleer Theatre, Clareville St., South Kensington.

A.I.A. Centre, 84 Charlotte St. June 20th, 7.30 p.m. Edward Wright (Ecuador): "Indo-American Art." Exhibition: 50 yrs. of Postcard Art, arranged by Richard Carline. Opening June 19th by James Laver, 5.30 p.m., and for rest of week, 2.30–5.30.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. June 17th, 11 a.m., H. J. Blackham: "The Object of Religious Experience."

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

UNIVERSITY College, Nottingham. One year Full-time Course in Youth Leadership held from October, 1945, to July, 1946, if sufficient applics. received. Course approved by Min. of Educ., under provisions contained in Circular 1598. Fees of approved students paid and bursaries available towards cost of maintenance. Further inf. and application form, retd. by July 21st, from Registrar, University College, Nottingham.

THE Psychology, Physiology, and Mechanics of Piano Technique. 24 Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching, M.A., B.Mus., Oxon., 14 Hanover St., W.1. Sats., at 2.45. June 16th, "Freudian Psychology and the Pianistic Art." The complete series also available in printed form. Practical classes for Pianists and Teachers. Sats., at 4.30.

COLLEGE of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Series of Lecs. followed by disc., 11 a.m., on certain Sats. June 16th, "London and the Comprehensive School"—a Discussion opened by Mr. Raymond King, Head Master of Wandsworth School. July 14th, "The Education of the Ordinary Child," Mr. J. Duncan, O.B.E., Head Master of Larkhills Special School, Winchester. Admission free.

RUDOLF Steiner School. Midsummer Festival, Educ. Conf., June 22nd–24th. Conf. Sec., Michael House, Ilkeston, Derbys.

UNIVERSITY of London. United Nations University Centre. Course of 4 lectures on Greece, Wednesday evenings, at London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel St. (Gower St.), W.C.1, June 20th, 27th, July 4th, 11th. "Memories and Impressions of Greece and her People," Compton Mackenzie; "Greek Reaction to San Francisco," Greek Foreign Secretary (provisional); "Greek Economy," A. A. Pallis; "The Greeks Abroad," H.E. Dr. Caclamanos. Adm.: 4 lectures, 2s. 6d. Single lects., 1s. Free tickets to United Nations Service personnel in uniform. Enqs. and applics. for tickets: A. Clow Ford, M.B.E., B.A., United Nations Centre, c/o London School of Hygiene (as above).

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of the Control of Engagement Order, 1945, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

VACANCY in Civil Service Commission for temp. Examinations Assistant, either sex, tenable for 3–5 years. Exp. in teaching English and Arithmetic in elementary/central schools and interest in Handwriting, Shorthand and Typewriting reqd. Duties in connection with exams. for junior posts in Civil Service. Sal. £400–£500 (men); £300–£400 (women); war bonus, £60 or £48 extra. Applics. must be received by June 30th, on form obtainable, with full inf. from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., London, W.1.

SURREY Educ. Committee. Applics. invited from women born 1923, or earlier, with 3 years' exp. in public library, for position of Assistant Librarian in Surrey County Library H.Q., Esher. Candids. must have full Library qualifications, and degree is desirable. Sal., £225 p.a., rising to £300 p.a. by increments of £15 p.a., plus prevailing war bonus, at present £48 2s. As appointment is subject to superann., successful candid. will be reqd. to pass medical exam. Applics. stating date of birth and full partics. of qualifics. and exp., with copies of not more than 3 recent testims., to County Librarian, 140, High St., Esher, envelope endorsed "Assistant Librarian," by June 30th. Advertisement published by perm. of M. of L. under Employment of Women (Control of Engagement) Order, 1943.

ENGLISH and Latin Middle School Master or Mistress, resident, for Boarding School. Apply Box 9341.

EXPD. Teacher wanted, Sept., for Latin and English. Prog. Preparatory School, West Elchies, Craigellachie, Strathspey.

Appointments—continued

GENERAL Secretary (woman) reqd., Sept. 3rd, by Women Public Health Officers' Assoc. (registered Trade Union). Sal., £400 x £15 to £475. Exp. of office and membership organisation, cttee. work and ability to conduct negotiations, interviews and address meetings essent.; exp. of Public Health work desirable. Apply (own writing) stating age, educ., qualifics. and exp., enclosing typed copies of 2 recent testims., to Miss Amy Sayle, W.P.H.O.A., 7, Victoria St., London, S.W.1, before June 30th.

EDUCATION Secretary reqd. by Y.W.C.A. of Gt. Britain. To be responsible with specialist staff for directing educ. policy and advising on progs. in clubs for women and young people throughout country and in clubs and hostels for women in H.M. Forces and W.L.A. Post will offer increasing opports. in post-war period. Univ. degree and exp. in adult educ. and informal group work essent. Sal. accord. to qualifics. and exp. Apply Nat. Gen. Sec., Y.W.C.A. Nat. Offices, Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

CALDECOTT Community reqs. qualified music teacher for singing, piano and violin classes. Excellent opports. for young prog., keen musician. Pref. given to someone with exp. of mixed classes of boys and girls and young adolescents. Sal. accord. to exp. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Wareham, Dorset.

CALDECOTT Community reqs., Sept., yng. quald. Nursery School Teacher for group of ten children, 3–6. Sal., £100 p.a. resid. Trained Children's Nurse shares responsibility. Apply, stating exp., etc., Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Hyde Heath, Wareham, Dorset.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Coleg Prifathrofaol Deheudir Cymru a Mynwy. Council of College invites applics. for Assistant Lecturer in Industrial Relations, with special ref. to Personnel Management. Salary, £400 p.a. Further partics. from Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, by whom 3 copies of applicn. and testims. should be received by July 1st.

WANTED by London Firm, energetic, ambitious man expd. in general import and export trade with Spain and S. America. Good prosps. for right person. Write giving full partics., age, exp., and salary reqd., to "C.X.," c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31, Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

S.R.N. or S.R.C.N., or person with nursing exp. reqd. to act as Assistant Warden in Recuperation Centre for Mothers and children (0–7) at Marple, Cheshire. Duties incl. housekeeping, sick nursing (if any), and deputising for Warden. Particularly satisfying job for person interested in social work. Sal. according to exp. Applics., stating age, trng. and exp., to Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester, 14.

LANCASHIRE County Library. Applics. invited for appointment as Branch Librarian at Mossley (nr. Manchester) Branch Library. Candids. must have passed the Inter. Exam. of Library Assoc., or must possess Diploma of School of Librarianship. Qualified candids. eligible for perm. appointment on Grade B scale (£210 x £15 x £300, plus Bonus). Applics., with copies of 3 testims., to Chief Educ. Officer, County Library, County Offices, Preston, by June 30th.

APPLICS. invited for post of County Secretary to Staffordshire Federation of Women's Institutes. Candids. (women only) should possess knowledge of country life, organising ability and initiative, and office exp. Starting sal. £300 p.a. Applics., with partics. of qualifics. and exp., and copies of 2 or more recent testims., to County Sec., Staffordshire Fed. of Women's Insts., Lloyds Bank Chambers, Stafford, by July 1st.

ASSISTANT Admin. Officers reqd. for Women's Land Army County Offices in England and Wales. Candids. must have had admin. experience, be thoroughly conversant with office routine, capable of managing staff and accustomed to dealing with corresp. by dictation. Sal. from £250 p.a. Applics. in writing giving age, present sal., and dets. of previous exp., to: Appointments Officer, W.L.A. H.Q., 6 Chesham St., London, S.W.1.

WANTED, cook and assistant (sisters/friends), for private school, N.W. England. Household about 50. Aga Cooker, airy, well-equipped kitchen. Vegetarian/meat diets, good sals., free time. Box 9353.

WANTED, Sept., 2 keen, enterprising teachers for prog. school work, for groups of children 4-6 and 7-9. Crafts, out-of-door activities, games desirable. Montessori trng./exp. an asset. Interesting posts with scope for initiative. Box 9354.

CLUB Leaders & Assistants reqd. by Y.W.C.A. of Gt. Britain, for centres for all ages. Applics. expected to take full Y.W.C.A. trng. For women with relevant exp. shorter courses arranged. Sals.: Assistants, £200–£220; Leaders-in-Charge, £220–£250. Possibilities of promotion to local admin. posts. Sals., £250–£320. Apply: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Nat. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1.

FORTIS Green School (co-educ., 2–12 yrs.) reqs., autumn, 2 qualified, expd. teachers, kindergarten and juniors: one pref. a man offering part-time garden work, games, carpentry, science. Apply Sec., Fortis Green, London, N.2.

REQUIRED. June, for Secretarial College, well-educ., expd. teacher shthd. typing. State sal. and qualifics. Reply: Secretarial College, Cunard Building, Liverpool, 3.

Appointments—continued

SECRETARY reqd. for Co-op. Farm Estate. Shthd., typing essent. Boo record keeping an advantage. Int. work f person interested in rural development. Scop for initiative. Full partics., Box 8837.

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RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls, 2 Porchester Gate, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 6421. Founded 1901.

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YOUNG Scientist seeks comf. bed-sit.-rm. w. partial board. W./N.W./S.W. Box 8856.

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LADY (refugee) offers help in the house, companionship in return for a quiet home in the country. Box 8865.

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FRIENDLY home wanted by officer's wife and 1-year baby. Share. Mid. N.W., or Varsity town pref. Box 8895.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIX. No. 748. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1945 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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BACK TO THEIR VOMIT

> When the election came it woefully cheapened Britain. . . . Moreover, in the wider sphere of Europe the blatancies of electioneering had robbed Britain in an appreciable degree of her dignity. The national bearing, faultless in the years of trial—loyal, cool, temperate, humane amidst terrors and reverses—had experienced quite a vulgar upset.

These words are taken from the eloquent description of the 1918 election in Mr. Churchill's *Aftermath*. They need no revision as a description of the 1945 election, in which Churchill himself plays the part of Mr. Lloyd George. Of the Prime Minister in 1918 Mr. Churchill added:

> He ought to have been more sure of himself at this time, and of the greatness of his work and situation. He could well have afforded, as it turned out, to speak words of sober restraint and of magnanimous calm.

Strangely enough, the evil genius who has led Mr. Churchill to cheapen himself in 1945, was also behind Mr. Lloyd George in 1918. An eminent contemporary observer wrote of Lord Beaverbrook:

> If a newspaper proprietor, who has made his wealth by skill in manipulating men, gets personal access to such a statesman, he can surround him with a refreshing and exhilarating atmosphere of quick understanding and cynical amusement, and with the subtle flattery of the newspapers which the statesman reads. A few weeks of this process may divert to world destruction national energies which might have been used for world co-operation. . . . Because of what he (Mr. Lloyd George) then said and did children a century hence in every European country who might have lived in health will be crippled or killed by diseases . . . nations who might have been friends will hate and fear each other.

Will the same be written of Mr. Churchill a few years hence? As in 1918, 1924 and 1931, the Conservative Party avoids fighting on a programme; it diverts the public mind from the real issues of national and world reconstruction; it tries to turn the election into a plebescite behind one Great Man—who is a great man, but who would be helpless if the Tories won the election. Once again the stale dodge of a "coupon" has been revived; Mr. Churchill is asking for support for any candidate who pledges his loyalty to the Prime Minister. Once again "National" is substituted for Conservative because Conservatism is associated with an era of poverty and unemployment ending in war. The Tory Press proposes to abolish the controls, which, as responsible leaders of every party know, are our only safeguard against mass unemployment and an orgy of inflation. Mr. Churchill lends himself to the cry that a Labour Government would establish a "Gestapo," and that the people's savings are endangered by socialism, when no one knows better than he that the surest road to a ruinous inflation would be the scramble for profits he lowers himself by advocating.

The Laski "Red Letter" is the latest and poorest scare. As Mr. Laski has at once issued a writ of libel we make no further comment. None of these stunts deserves a minute's attention from the electorate. They are chosen because of their supposed appeal to a large number of ignorant voters, who may be led by fear into voting as they did in 1918, 1924 and 1931. The harm done to this country by Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Churchill's "Kitchen Cabinet" is already beyond computation. The constitutional position of Lord Beaverbrook is itself a matter which seems to need some clarification. Lord Baldwin, as Prime Minister, laid it down in the clearest terms that members of the Government must not be directors of business concerns while they hold Cabinet office, and this ruling has been endorsed by subsequent Prime Ministers. But the immediate concern of everyone who cares for the preservation of our democracy, and for the good name of this country, should be to prevent a small and unscrupulous clique (who do not represent, we are glad to believe, the best elements of the Conservative Party) from stampeding the electorate into giving a blank cheque to those Tory forces which Mr. Churchill has himself accused of exercising "the tyranny of a well-fed party machine."

Fortunately most of the electorate know that the real issue is: who is to control the wealth of this country after the war; whether it is to be used for public or private benefit; whether they are to have good homes and jobs, or, once again, no decent homes and the misery of unemployment.

King Leopold's Challenge

King Leopold has issued his challenge to the Belgian people by announcing that he proposes to return and resume his constitutional powers: in plain words, he will not abdicate. He may try to form a government, which could represent only the Catholic Right. It will be heavily defeated, if ever it faces the provisional Chamber and Senate. A dissolution would in normal circumstances follow, but could an election be held on the 1937 register, from which the younger generation, the mainspring of the Resistance movement, would be excluded? It is probable, if not certain, that a substantial majority of the electorate is against the King, for by 88 votes to 3 the Liberal Council has followed the Socialists and Communists in demanding his abdication. One awkward aspect of the division of opinion is that it breaks the national unity of Belgium, since Flemings on the whole support the King, while Walloons oppose him. The Left is not making a republican stand. The grounds for its opposition to Leopold are (1) that the King's tendency is authoritarian and his entourage semi-Fascist; (2) that he acted unconstitutionally by remaining in Belgium in 1940 against his Ministers' advice; and (3) that in various ways he showed a collaborationist attitude. Certainly by using his influence to end the alliance with France and resume a status of neutrality, the King's long-term policy favoured Nazi plans, since no joint defence could be concerted with the Allies. It is unlikely that the workers will take this challenge lying down. If and when the King returns, he may be greeted by a general strike. Mr. Van Acker has warned the miners that, if they strike, the Allies might cut off food supplies. There are unpleasant rumours in Brussels that a few days ago the King's mother brought back from **London** promises of British support. It would be a monstrous abuse of power if, in the absence of any Parliamentary check, Mr. Churchill's romantic veneration for crowned heads were to betray him into intervention.

Poles in Moscow

Of the meetings in Moscow between M. Mikolajczyk and members of the Warsaw Provisional Government no more can yet be said than that discussions are reported to have begun in a friendly atmosphere. These talks, to which M. Witos is still unfortunately not a party, have been overshadowed by the trial of the 16 arrested Poles, which has ended in sentences of imprisonment and some aquittals. Charged variously with different degrees of anti-Russian activity, ranging from sabotage and armed terrorism to "subversive agitation" in the Red Army's rear, the accused, with one exception, pleaded guilty "in whole or in part." Under examination, General Okulicki admitted responsibility for organising espionage and wrecking behind the Russian lines. His plea was that he was simply executing wireless orders from the London Poles that the Lublin Gommittee and the Russian occupational forces must be "liquidated." Other defendants, who insisted that the only weapon used by them was propaganda, made it equally clear that directives from London led them to believe that Britain was planning, *in alliance with Germany*, war against the U.S.S.R. The question at once arises: were British officials, military or civilian, responsible for the wireless transmission to Poland of directives, whose execution (General Okulicki admitted) was helpful to Germany? And, if so, was the content of these messages kept from the knowledge of the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister? M. Mikolajczyk, we are glad to note, is shown by the Court evidence to have been kept in ignorance of what was being done.

The Syrian Muddle

The debate on Syria in the French Assembly revealed some division of opinion. Speaking for the Foreign Affairs Committee, M. Hauriov complained that de Gaulle had paid too little attention to the Assembly's advice. M. Pierre Cot, for the Radicals, dwelt on the failure of previous Governments to win the good will of the Syrians. But these criticisms should not blind us to the central fact that all Frenchmen are sore and some Frenchmen are very angry, because our troops are clearing all French subjects out of Syria, civilians and soldiers alike. Whatever good reasons we may have for doing this, the immediate effect is to supplant France in the Levant. General de Gaulle, since Downing Street has rejected a Five-Power Conference, now suggests a reference of the dispute to the United Nations The best solution might be to hand over the dispute to the Big Four, now appointed at San Francisco to deal with urgent problems.

Italy's New Government

After a good deal of bickering among the parties that form the Liberation Front in Italy, Signor Parri has formed his Cabinet. As the leader of the brilliantly organised guerrilla movement in the North, his prestige stands deservedly high. A scholarly man, a member of the Party of Action, sometimes described as a saint rather than a politician, with a gallant record of opposition to the Fascists that covers twenty years, he may find that his lack of political experience is a positive advantage. The Socialist leader Nenni would have had the Premiership had not the Christian Democrats opposed him. This party, rather too obviously directed from the Vatican, seems to stand further to the Right than did the Popolari under Don Sturzo's leadership. Parri, who is Minister of the Interior as well as Premier, has to purge the local administration of Fascists. His task in the north will not be easy, for A.M.G. seems bent on prolonging its administration. Nenni, as one of the two vice-Premiers, will make preparations for the election of the constituent Assembly. The other, Signor Brozio, a Liberal, will get together an interim consultative assembly on the model adopted in France.

Unity in Prague?

The announcement that the three Left parties in Czechoslovakia have decided to form a bloc, with a joint co-ordinating Committee, suggests that, at least in the economic sphere, Mr. Fierlinger's Government is united on the policy of socialising the banks, heavy industry and the large landed estates. But there are other problems on which unity is less certain. The occupation of Teschen by Polish troops was presumably carried out with the sanction of the U.S.S.R., and M. Molotov has invited a Czech Government delegation to Moscow next week for a conference to settle all outstanding Czech-Polish questions. Will the Communist and Social Democratic members of the Czech Cabinet see eye to eye in these discussions? And to what extent is Czech opinion really united on the problem of the Sudetenland? Broadcasting last week, Mr. Clementis, the Under-Secretary of State, spoke of the necessity of expelling not merely the post-Munich immigrants but "the great majority of Germans and Hungarians." On the other hand, there are indications that the drastic action taken by the Red Army at Gmünd, where the entire population was deported at a few hours' notice, is not being widely repeated. President Benes is believed to be advising a "go slow" policy for the moment in the matter of violent and indiscriminate deportations. His hands are said to be strengthened by the knowledge that the Western Powers are in favour of a more moderate and humane policy. A further factor is that the voluntary flight of hundreds of German families from the Sudetenland into the American zones in Bavaria and Austria has already produced a man-power shortage on the farms. This, on the eve of the harvest, is causing concern in Prague.

Far-East Pointers

The idea, current in the spring, that the Suzuki Government would be induced by pressure from Japanese Big Business to sue for peace, has proved to be the product of wishful thinking. It is now clear that the military and naval hierarchy in Japan is still politically dominant; and, this being so, unconditional surrender is not on the cards. But though Japanese resistance may be desperate and prolonged, it looks as though the High Command in Tokio is preparing to write off large chunks of the Co-Prosperity Sphere, or rather to leave their defence to suicide garrisons completely isolated from the main Japanese forces. Significant in this direction is the evidence that, in Southern China, the Japanese are abandoning the Liuchow-Lang Son Corridor linking Kwangsi with Siam. This means that no reinforcements or supplies by land can reach the enemy forces in Eastern Burma, Malaya and Indo-China; and the successful Allied landings in Borneo are not merely depriving Japan of badly needed oil, but are completing the isolation of the Japanese garrisons in Sumatra and Java. On the other hand, the Americans have had to pay a heavy price for Okinawa; and the recent enlargement of the area occupied by Japanese troops east and north of Canton suggests that Tokio may be preparing for a large-scale defensive campaign against Allied landings in China. U.S. Air Force commanders are talking of Japan being "rubbed out" by strategic bombing within eighteen months, but it remains to be seen whether Super-Fortresses alone can bring to an end Japanese military resistance. The determining factor in the duration of the Far East war is the Red Army. Tokio is making every effort to secure Russian neutrality; but it is of interest to note that, though demobilisation by the U.S.S.R. seems likely to be rapid and considerable in the European theatre, there are no signs of any similar move in the Maritime Provinces.

Houses—At What Price?

In the closing stages of the now dead Parliament Mr. Willink gave an outline of his plan for paying subsidies to private enterprise for building small houses either to sell or to let. The Tories have made it clear that, if they get back, they propose to offer the same subsidies to the local authorities and to private enterprise. The rates of subsidy have not been fixed, as it is regarded as impossible at present to tell at what level building costs will settle down (they are, of course, fantastically high now); but it is proposed to make whatever rates are finally fixed retrospective. At first sight the proposal to treat private and public building alike may seem reasonable; for, people will be inclined to say, what we want is houses, and the more providing agencies there are the better. In truth, however, the supply of houses will depend not on the number of agencies, but on the costs in relation to the level of subsidies. Local authorities can get capital at much cheaper rates than are normally open to private enterprise; and the rate of interest is the most important factor in determining the economic rent. If private enterprise, financed by the building societies, is to put up houses for letting at rents which ordinary tenants can afford to pay, there will have to be staggeringly high subsidies, unless building costs are very drastically brought down. An extra 1 per cent. in interest charges, plus sinking fund, means nearly half a crown a week on the rent of a £600 house. Another vital factor is the prices of building materials. The best way of reducing these would be to mass-produce housing components in converted war factories, under public auspices. But no one expects the Tories to do this, or even effectively to control the prices charged by the rings which dominate most of the trades concerned.

The T.U.C. and the Controls

The Trades Union Congress General Council, in its manifesto calling for support for Labour candidates in the election, stresses the vital importance of maintaining the essential controls in order to prevent an inflation, followed before long by an industrial slump, in the course of which the guaranteed wage-rates and other improved conditions secured under the Essential Works Order would be in danger of being swept away. The T.U.C. also comes out strongly for the general establishment of the forty-hour week and of the practice of granting a fortnight's holiday with pay. It calls for speedy legislation on social insurance and workmen's compensation, and for the setting up of a really inclusive national health service, endorses the Labour Party's proposals for public ownership of fuel and power, iron and steel, and the main services of internal transport, and demands the repeal or drastic revision of the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Act of 1927. Thus the T.U.C. has chosen, instead of ranging over the entire field of policy, to limit itself to a few issues of special importance to trade unionists. The General Council is wisely concentrating its fire in trying to bring home to trade unionists the disastrous results of letting Beaverbrook and his like have their way about the removal of the controls.

Domestic Service as a Profession

The Report issued last week on the future of domestic service ought to be acted upon with the least possible delay. Conditions of domestic service have been increasingly unsatisfactory to both parties to the bargain; and women who have had some experience of factory employment will not be easily enticed back into their old profession, or girls induced to enter upon it, without radical reform. It is particularly important under present conditions, to improve the supply and terms of employment of regular part-time "dailies" and casual workers; and the proposed Institute should be of great value not only in training workers for these types of job, but also in supervising the conditions and assuming the actual responsibility of acting as legal employers in the case of the less regular employees. Miss Violet Markham and Miss Florence Hancock, who are responsible for the report, have done an excellent piece of work. The plans for the provision of a regular supply of "home helps" through the local authorities is entirely on the right lines, above all for dealing with help needed in times of sickness or maternity, but also over a considerably wider field. There is no reason why domestic service should not become a fully self-respecting profession, which women would have no cause to shun. Indeed, unless it can be made so, the supply will evidently die out, as soon as we in fact adopt any sort of full employment policy. No doubt domestic servants of a sort will be available if we turn to mass-unemployment and thus drive women into taking domestic jobs because no others are to be had. But, short of this, the only solution of the problem is to be found on the broad lines of this very sensible and timely report.

CAUCUS AND CONTINUITY

Mr. Laski said that Mr. Attlee would only accompany Mr. Churchill to the meeting with Mr. Truman and Marshal Stalin as an "observer." The subsequent correspondence between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee showed that Mr. Laski would have been perfectly right if he had said "counsellor." Since Mr. Attlee is no longer a member of the Government, he can only go in his capacity as Privy Councillor—in Mr. Churchill's confidence and bound to secrecy as to the proceedings, but, as the Prime Minister himself points out, with no responsibility for the decisions taken. There is no mystery, no personal or party crisis, no constitutional problem.

The Conservatives try to make three issues out of the trivial difference of phraseology. First, they say there is a split in the Labour Party. On this it is enough to say that Mr. Attlee and others may think that Mr. Laski spoke too quickly, but that on the constitutional position there is and can be no difference of opinion.

Secondly, they allege that Mr. Laski's words mean a new departure in British practice. They imply that Labour may have a different foreign policy from that of the Caretaker Government, and that, if Labour is returned, the work of the Big Three and the continuity of British foreign policy may be upset. On Saturday, Mr. Laski retorted: "I don't believe in the doctrine of continuity of foreign policy. I don't believe in taking foreign policy out of politics."

A moment's reflection will show that the Conservatives can make no legitimate capital out of this statement since, in fact, no such "continuity" has ever existed in foreign policy. Every new Government inherits the commitments of its predecessor, and over a wide field continues the same policy. But often it breaks with the past. Gladstone and Disraeli spent years dividing the country on foreign policy. But without delving into history, we have the crushing example of the years between the two wars. In 1919, all political parties were pledged to a policy of full co-operation within the League of Nations. In Labour's short period of office in 1924, Mr. Arthur Henderson faithfully carried out this policy and accepted the logic of the Geneva Protocol. After the "Red scare" election, the Conservative Government repudiated this national policy, jettisoned the Protocol, and began that period of quavering isolation that landed us in the war of 1939.

As the Opposition in the House, the Labour Party stood throughout for collective security, which the spokesman of the Chamberlain Government described as "madness." During the years immediately before the war, the Opposition was reinforced by Mr. Churchill, who, with all the richness of vituperation of which he is so incomparable a master, attacked the policy of Lord Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Lord Simon, and Sir Samuel Hoare. Where was the continuity of British policy? While Lord Beaverbrook was screaming that there would be no war, and was denouncing the very idea of finding allies, and while Mr. Chamberlain was describing Czechoslovakia "as a distant country of which we know little," the Labour Party and Mr. Churchill were demanding the Russian alliance and collective security.

We had had a national League policy which was overthrown by the Conservatives, with disastrous results. Now again to-day, we have a national policy in the sense that Labour members of the National Government, in agreement with all responsible members of the community, desire to maintain the alliance of the Great Powers and to utilise the collective security machinery set up at San Francisco. Because there is agreement on this policy, it is right for Mr. Attlee to accompany Mr. Churchill to a meeting where the object is to carry out the terms of the Yalta agreement, to which the Labour Party as well as the Conservatives are committed. No one has disputed this commitment or challenged the propriety of Mr. Attlee's going to Berlin. But Mr. Laski rightly holds that controversial issues may arise in the future and that Labour, which has a different attitude from the Tories towards the democratic and Socialist aspirations of the peoples of Belgium, Italy, Greece, France and Holland, may pursue a different course from that which would find favour with a Tory administration. He might have added that, if there is a breach in the continuity of the policy of good relations with Russia, it is far more likely to come from a Tory administration, which would be subject to the pressure of Tory back-benchers who do not disguise their bitter hostility to the Soviet Union.

The Conservative press is trying to whip up a third storm in this electoral teacup. Because Mr. Laski is Chairman of the Labour Party, and the Labour Party in the debacle of 1931 passed rules to prevent another hypothetical MacDonald acting without reference to the National Executive of the party, it is suggested that in some way or other a Labour Cabinet would be less "independent" than a Tory Cabinet. There is no foundation for this suggestion. A Labour Government must follow in broad outline the policy laid down by the Annual Conference of the Party. On occasion it will consult the National Executive in order to make sure that it carries the consent of the Party with it. A Conservative Government also has a policy, which, unlike the Labour Party, it seldom publicly proclaims, but which is understood between its leaders and those who control and finance the party. A Conservative Prime Minister consults these potentates in moments of emergency. He does not formally meet an Executive; he talks in private to bankers and newspaper proprietors. Which is the more democratic procedure—open reference to elected party leaders, or compliance with a secret control of which the public is usually unaware? One illustration should suffice. In 1931, Mr. Henderson insisted that before embarking on a policy of deflation which involved cutting the wages of millions of workers, he ought to consult with organised Labour. The Tories consulted their Caucus and panicked the nation into a disastrous policy because their banking and City friends threatened to ruin the country if Parliament did not toe the line to financial interests.

THE OFFER TO INDIA

By boldly taking the initiative, Lord Wavell has broken the Indian deadlock in the only possible way. Already the leaders of Congress are free; the ban upon its activities is lifted and the years of coercion have come to an end. In the near future we may expect the resumption in all the provinces of the self-government that has been interrupted over the greater part of the Peninsula since 1939. These are immense gains, which deserve a welcome both for their own sake and because they are the necessary preliminaries to a political settlement. Our hopes are now fixed on the conference of Indian leaders which will meet the Viceroy next week. It is too soon to guess whether it is likely to accept his proposals with an approach to unanimity; some, but not all, the omens are favourable. Indians should realise that this offer, though its publication was delayed, came in fact from the Coalition Government and binds both parties, whatever the result of the election may be. It repeats, as plainly as the Cripps offer did, their promise that Indians shall govern themselves without qualification, within the British Commonwealth or outside it, as they may themselves choose. Its whole significance is that it provides a way in which Indians under the guidance of their own parties and leaders may carry out the act of self-determination.

The Indian outlook has radically changed since Sir Stafford Cripps flew to Delhi. Then we expected, as Indians also did, an early Japanese invasion. What Nehru and the younger generation hoped for was the creation of a National Government which would rally the Indian masses to defend their own soil. Through faults on both sides that great opportunity was missed. To-day the danger of invasion is past and the contribution which India can still make to the final defeat of Japan will come from her industries and her professional army. From the standpoint of Indian nationalists the all-important function of the new Central Government, drawn from the major parties, will be to negotiate a communal settlement, to draft the future constitution, and determine the method by which it shall be adopted. It is then, and not to-day, that the final surrender of power will take place.

In the interim period, what is offered is a substantial concession, but not yet the full reality of national freedom. The Viceroy retains in law and in form all his old powers. He presides over his Council and doubles the parts, so to speak, of King and Premier, while he retains his veto over all its decisions. Its members are in theory responsible to him and not to the Legislative Assembly. But in fact, if all goes well, they will represent, as no Indian Members have ever done in the past, the leading parties of their country. If they so act as to form a team, their united wills should be irresistible, since all India's millions will stand behind them. Indians would, to our thinking, make a grave mistake, if they were to distrust or dismiss this offer, because in law the Viceroy's veto still stands. It could come into action only if they were gravely disunited. So soon as their union is achieved, their freedom is an accomplished fact. If we have an amendment to propose, it is that a *de facto* Premier should be chosen who should preside over the Council as the Viceroy's delegate. Failing some such arrangement, however informal, its Members will not easily be welded into a single team. We should also have welcomed a transfer of Indian affairs, as Mr. Bevin proposed, to the Dominions Office. But we are not disposed to dwell on such defects. The offer is workable, if Indians are determined to extract from it the immense opportunity it gives them. Their proper pride should find some satisfaction in the management of their external affairs.

The feature of this offer that rouses our anxiety is not the Viceroy's veto, which will end with the period of transition, but the communal settlement it foreshadows, for this may be permanent. It provides that the Viceroy's Council shall contain an equal number of Caste Hindus and Muslims, together with nominees of the other minorities. The ratio will be, it is said, in percentages, approximately 40 : 40 : 20. Though this is in form only an interim arrangement, it makes a precedent which Muslims are unlikely to surrender. If it is logically applied, it will run all through the future Federal Constitution. It will be necessary to adjust voting strengths, so that the Muslim minority and the Hindu majority will have exactly equal representation in its legislative bodies. A similar provision may balance their strength in the army and other services. It may be that the concession of parity is the only way of escape from Mr. Jinnah's demand for the division of India into two completely independent States, Pakistan and Hindustan. It is, none the less, an ominously heavy price to pay for territorial unity. It means that Hindus, who outnumber Muslims by three to one, will have to accept the status of a minority.

Some of the more far-sighted Hindus, who put their nationalism above their communal loyalty, may be prepared for this concession. There may, however, be some confusion here. What Mr. Bhulabbai Desai, the Congress leader in the Legislative Assembly, who probably speaks for Mr. Gandhi, has accepted, is parity in the Council between Congress and the Muslim League, which is not the same thing. They will pay a big price to be rid of foreign rule. But the narrower sectarians, whom the Mahasabha represents, are already up in arms. Hindus may consent to make this sacrifice to-day, but as the years go on, a feeling of resentment may grow up when they realise that a Muslim elector's vote has three times the weight of a Hindu vote. An ugly dilemma faces this divided nation. The more conscious Muslims find it intolerable that Hindus should outvote them. The more conscious Hindus like the prospect of dwindling to a minority no better. This is the consequence of the original error of the Morley-Minto reforms, when the two creeds were first separated in distinct electorates which vote apart. Ways of escape are available. Voters might be classified, for example, by occupations instead of creeds. But there is small prospect that Muslims will ever abandon a system that promises them so great an advantage. British policy has burdened democracy in India with this handicap.

It is easy to foresee the consequences. The real political life of India will be focused in the provinces, in most of which one creed or the other decidedly predominates. In them democracy can function naturally. But the tendency will be to entrust the Federal Centre with few subjects and limited powers. It must deal at least with foreign relations, defence, trunk communications, possibly customs and the postal service, a High Court of Appeal. To confine it to these subjects was always the Muslim policy, and now Hindus may rally to it. This might have satisfied India's needs in the days of *laissez-faire*, half a century ago. To-day, when the prime necessity is an economic plan that will lift the whole Peninsula out of its abysmal poverty, it would be fatal to restrict the scope of the Federal Government in this way. As the tentative scheme adopted in Lord Wavell's first years of office foresees, any adequate plan must be conceived and administered by the Centre, and it must include the Indian States as well as the British provinces. Economics, therefore, should be the chief concern of the Federal Government. It follows that this Central Government must be at once popular and authoritative. It must be strong enough to deal with a reactionary prince or an obstructive province. It must be popular enough to win the confidence of the peasant, who will have to be persuaded to abandon venerable customs and sacred prejudices, before Indian farming can be rationalised on a scientific footing. It seems unlikely that a strong and popular government can be based on a foundation so artificial as this formula of parity.

This is, however, a question that Indians and not we have to solve. It is we, none the less, with our half-conscious policy of dividing to rule, who have aggravated the problem, until Indians have to choose between equally unsatisfactory alternatives. Given good temper and ingenuity it may be possible to discover constitutional devices that will at least lessen the mischief of an unhappy heritage. If once the leaders of Congress and the Muslim League come together, with the will to govern in harmony, the future of Indian freedom is assured. It is indispensable that the direct rule of a foreign Power shall come to an end on India's soil. There is only one price we should think too high for such a gain—the adoption of a constitution under which the battle with poverty might be lost before it was joined.

THE GREEK AFTERMATH

[By a Special Correspondent in Greece]

I'VE just finished sixteen days in a jeep, on the washboard roads of Thessaly, Macedonia and Thrace. The journey has reinforced my conviction, despite the contrary views of some of my more sedentary colleagues, that democracy is taking a beating in liberated Greece.

I've talked to the little people—the roadside royalists, the homesick corporals, the smalltown officials—who are more reliable than their Athenian bosses because they don't know what you're after and therefore don't know what to hide. I've poked into a few rural jails. I've also met the mighty: Greek generals and provincial governors; British commanders of Ghurka, Sikh and English troops sitting on the lid all over the country. From all this I regret having to state the following conclusions:

1. Arbitrary arrest of anti-royalists, and their prolonged imprisonment without trial, are common practices of provincial Greek "justice" to-day.

2. Civilian officials, the gendarmerie and the militarised National Guard, all of them supposed to be pacifying the country and preparing it for the plebiscite on the return of George II, are mostly pro-king, and pacifying accordingly.

I began my trip with one resolution, and I stuck to it. I would not go looking for dead bodies. Each side in Greece calls the other side torturers and murderers. I do not doubt there is some truth in such allegations, life being very cheap in Greece since the Gestapo set the fashion. But I know that bodies have been dug up in cemeteries here and their dead eyes gouged out in order to prove the brutishness of one's political enemies. I also know that a corpse cannot be interviewed. So when EAM members asked me to inspect the graves of republicans freshly slaughtered by royalist gunmen, I declined. And when Rightists wanted me to climb into the hills to view a ravine stuffed with the vulture-picked bones of 3,000 innocents, I declined. I said I was ready to believe the bones were there, but that none was inscribed by the original owner with an explanation of how it got there.

Whatever the excesses certain elements of the Left committed when they were in power, the present situation is that there is an agreement presumably in effect called the Varkiza Accord, which ended the December revolt. Signed by EAM and the Plastiras Government, and blessed by Britain, this pact stipulated disarmament of all guerrillas, creation of a non-partisan army, and respect for civil liberties regardless of private political opinions. Observance or violation of these terms was checkable, and I went out to check.

In the town of Drama I met a young man wearing a bright new uniform and a tommy-gun. I asked him who his commander was. He said Anton Tsaous. Tsaous is the ex-leader of a nationalist band. He now holds a reserve commission as a mere captain and is ostensibly on the inactive list. Tsaous denied that the tommy-gunner was under his orders. But he admitted to me that 1,000 of his "former" followers had refused to go home, despite his telling them to go home, and that they occasionally were "lent" arms by the National Guard to help in rounding up Communists.

Two National Guard sentries at a bridge outside Xanthi said their battalion contained men "from every party, but all nationalists." When I inquired if E.A.M.-ites were recruited, they laughed and laughed.

The prison at Alexandroupolis has six cells. Each is about 25 feet square and contains fifty men. They sleep on the floor. Their extra clothes, and their baskets of food brought from outside (prisoners are not fed at public expense unless they are destitute), hang on nails in the wall.

I went into all the cells and asked the 300 men if any of them knew why they were arrested. Only three knew. One used to be the EAM mayor of Alexandroupolis; he was accused of numerous murders. The second was a Communist formerly on the governing council of a village in the district; he had been imprisoned by the Bulgars in three wars, and in the last one had been condemned to death by them, but the charge against him now was that he was pro-Bulgarian. The third was a doctor from Samothrace, and a liberal; his crime was in having obeyed orders during the Bulgarian occupation to vaccinate the islanders and the Bulgarian garrison against a smallpox epidemic.

The warden stood on one foot and then the other. He said he didn't know why all these people were in jail. Who arrested them? Guardsmen, gendarmes, civilian patriots. The warden said there were even fifty prisoners who had been jailed by ELAS five months ago, and they were still being held with the rest. Why aren't they given a hearing and trial? We don't have the authority, confessed the warden, by now quite miserable. We are waiting for a magistrate from Athens.

Last January everybody in Kavalla wore a red flag in his lapel. When I was there the other day the only men who were not afraid to admit being pro-Russian were the editors of the EAM and communist newspapers. I visited the office of the EAM paper, *Niki*, and saw the smashed printing-press motors and the bent pickaxe which had mangled them during a recent National Guard raid. My visit was observed. That night guardsmen called on the editor. Significantly, he had anticipated it, and spent the night elsewhere.

In the Larissa jail I found a girl serving three months for shouting "Down with the King!" Two young men who yelled "Long live Varkiza and Democracy!" got ten months.

Once there was an ELAS political commissar named Kriton. During the occupation Kriton was "treasonably" engaged in blowing up enemy troop trains. The regiment of which he was co-commander cut communications between Sofia and Istanbul for several weeks. His men captured 700 Germans and two trainloads of Nazi food and ammunition. He operated in Evros, first province of Greece to be liberated. To-day the Greek army and police are combing the mountains for a desperado named Kriton.

The King is advertised in the barracks of the National Guard and on municipal buildings. The City Hall in Kozani sports a big crown in electric lights and the illuminated legend *Zito O Vasileus* (Hurrah for the King !) At Didymotikon the walls of the officers' mess are plastered with portraits of George. In Komotini I saw pictures of the Greek monarch and Winston Churchill nailed to the pillars of the barracks' neo-classic façade. I started photographing the scene when an officer rushed up. I thought he was going to assault my camera. But all he wanted was for me to wait a minute while he put up a picture of Roosevelt. I passed through Komotini again a few days later. The Roosevelt picture was gone.

I promised in the beginning I would refrain from examining corpses, and I have. But I feel bound to report that, in Salonika on VE-day at least three Leftists were killed and an undisclosed number wounded when Guardsmen and armed royalists opened fire on EAM marchers celebrating the Allied victory. An official inquiry was under way when I returned to Salonika. A top-ranking British officer told me candidly that preliminary evidence indicated the blame fell on the National Guard. If this were confirmed, he added, he would court-martial those responsible. He also admitted that Rightists were conducting an illegal man-hunt against the Left in many districts. He pointed out that British troops were too thinly scattered over a large and turbulent area. He expressed hope that new National Guard battalions, recruited from regular age-classes instead of from volunteers, would soon replace the units which were formed specifically against ELAS during the civil war.

These developments will undoubtedly improve the situation, but not by very much. There will still be volunteer battalions, transferred from one region to another, perhaps, but retaining their nervous trigger-fingers and their weapons. More important, the new age-class units will be predominantly Rightist, because of official discrimination against conscripts from EAM. Many ex-members of the left-wing resistance movement continue to be rejected for "medical" reasons. By the most generous of estimates recruitment of anti-royalists, even at this late date, does not exceed 20 per cent. of the Guard's strength.

It is not quite correct to say that this is a purely internal affair. The British are training the Greek Army. They are supplying the material, much of it American. Thus they obviously have the wherewithal to exert pressure towards the remedy of manifold evils. And actually in some areas the British are doing a great deal, with very good effect.

In Kozani, for example, no arrests may be made by the Greeks without specific British authorisation. Two other Americans and I were jeeping back to Kozani one evening when the frantic villagers of Vethilakos blocked the road to tell us that the National Guard had just seized eight men, including the local priest. We raced into town and reported this to the British, who went into action instantly. They located the prisoners huddled in the cellar of the gendarmerie, with no light, no air, no food, no blankets. A British major, after telling the Greek officers precisely what he thought of them, demanded a swift hearing for the prisoners. The priest was called and confronted with his accuser, a nationalist ex-guerrilla. Your uneasy correspondent was pressed into service as interpreter, while the British held summary military court. It soon became apparent that the bearded little priest, charged by the nationalist with all kinds of murders, had committed nothing beyond the unspeakable crime of storing a few jars of honey in his home for an ELAS partisan who was making a quick getaway into the mountains. This revelation at once terminated the court proceedings.

How comes it about, then, that at Larissa gendarmes and Guardsmen are knocking people's heads together with impunity? The British commander at Larissa has his headquarters a discreet 10 miles out of town, amid scenes of idyllic tranquillity. It is also permissible to express surprise that the C.O. of a British tank unit at Didymotikon had never heard, until I told him, about instructions to the National Guard to refrain from politics.

If all the British everywhere in Greece really got down to their job of pacification—and if the Greek Government in Athens were representative of the country and capable of giving and enforcing proper orders—then the Greek people would have a chance to emerge from their present political jungle. I am not able to say how such a British policy would affect British imperial and strategic interests. But I do know that it would contribute greatly to Anglo-American friendship in the States, and also in Greece.

It remains only to report that things were fairly quiet in Athens while I was away. The only untoward incident occurred on Victory Day, when the happy crowd, recognising an EAM man, beat him to death.

A LONDON DIARY

THERE is a very general consensus of opinion that, unless the B.B.'s can think up some positively staggering last-minute stunt, this election will be a close thing. A good deal turns on three-cornered seats which ought to be straight fights. For example, Labour people in Chelsea tell me that the intervention of a Labour candidate is likely to have the effect of spoiling the chances for a good Common Wealth candidate who might win alone. In Hornsey the presence of rival Labour and Communist candidates, after abortive attempts at a joint candidature, may wreck the progressive prospects. Since Communists are the special protagonists of unity, I hope some of their score of candidates may yet stand down before Nomination Day (next Monday), while I can conceive no good reason for Labour retaining a candidate against a Communist in a constituency like Westminster. Some sensible arrangements have been made—for example, at Chelmsford. There ought to be more—not only between Labour and the C.P., but between Labour and the Liberals. It must be particularly confusing for electors, who now have before them a Liberal manifesto which, on immediate policy, differs very little from Labour's short-term programme, when they have to choose between a Labour candidate and Sir William Beveridge or a Radical Action Liberal like Honor Balfour. It is not too late to put victory over Big Business before local party feelings.

* * *

Beaverbrook, whose display as a platform fighter I once witnessed with respect, has become an asset to his opponents whenever he makes a public appearance. His Chatham meeting, so comically written up in his own newspapers, was, in fact, as a very honest observer told me, a "pathetic affair." I thought I would hear him for myself at Battersea. On the platform were local Conservatives ("Lord Doodah and Lady Doolittle," a heckler informed us), and behind was Churchill's head grinning like a Cheshire cat. An organ played "Land of Hope and Glory" over and over again. Beaverbrook talked for about 50 minutes, ignoring the microphone. He muttered and talked about himself. A long story about himself and the Mosquitos. "Tell us about the three little bears," and so forth, from the audience. "Why" (this was a very insistent voice)—"why don't you print news impartially as *The Times* does?" Beaverbrook consulted the chairman. "I will answer questions afterwards." (He didn't answer this one.) As the hubbub swelled, he pulled the microphone a little nearer, but he scarcely made an effort to defeat the hecklers. Unmannerly, caddish rowdyism the chairman thought it. But this was personally critical barracking, and practised Hyde Park orators successfully ride storms beside which this was a mere flutter. Judging from the whining stuff that the Beaverbrook press printed about the "ruffians" who interrupted him, the woman sitting next to me was right when she said: "He doesn't want us to hear. We'll read it in the *Express* to-morrow." We dispersed after the silent homage of "God Save the King," and I doubt if the meeting affected anyone's vote. Score: Battersea Town, 0; Beaverbrook, 0. And the grin of the Cheshire cat, which we left behind on the platform seemed as enigmatic as ever.

* * *

On the eve of their departure to a scientific jamboree in Moscow, eight of the twenty-two eminent scientists chosen to represent Britain were informed that they were not to go. The information was conveyed to them in the midst of a joint *bon voyage* Anglo-Soviet party. The reason given was that they could not be spared from their work in connection with the Japanese war. This was obviously nonsense, since some of them were not doing important war work and those who were had been given permission by their Departments for the fortnight of the proposed visit. I do not suppose that anyone will defend the discourtesy or clumsiness of this procedure. If private letters had been sent beforehand to the scientists individually, there would have been no scandal or public offence. As it was, the incident could only be interpreted in one way. It opens up an appalling prospect for the future. Are these scientists, who are supposed to be capable of giving away British secrets either deliberately or in their cups (not the usual time for exchanging complicated mathematical formulæ), never to be allowed to visit Russia, or for that matter to meet a Russian scientist in this or any other country? It will be truthfully said that the Russians are also very cagey about their war secrets. But that only makes the whole situation worse. If the internationalism of science is to disappear even among the Big Three, then we are in a worse way even than we thought. Are our scientists allowed to go to France and discuss science with Frenchmen? Are we to lie down and accept a totalitarian world in which we all behave as Germans, Italians and Russians behaved before the war in controlling the movements abroad of citizens who are regarded as either knowing too much or of being too sympathetic with a foreign Power?

* * *

Why do we say so little about the really big things we do? For years we have listened to the wireless telling us day in, day out, just how much destruction our bombers have had to do. Why does not the B.B.C. now tell us proudly just how many lives we have saved in Holland? I have in front of me a letter saying that hunger-dysentery was so prevalent that it was not even reported, giving details of the diphtheria cases in the hospitals at Utrecht and Rotterdam, and describing the number of emaciated bodies which could only be restored by intravenous feeding. The population, when my informant arrived, was living on a daily ration of four slices of very bad bread, eked out with a little sugar-beet and some tulip bulbs which tasted like very inferior potatoes. When the first relief ships arrived they could not be unloaded until the dockers, too weak to work, had been fed. She describes how the townspeople during the winter filled up perambulators and loaded bicycles with everything portable they had, took them to the country and tried to exchange them for food with the villagers. Even so the supply of food soon dried up. When she wrote there was still very little of anything to buy, and black market prices had reached such dimensions that 10*s.* was paid for a cigarette and £60 was the price of a pair of shoes. The only fuel last winter was the tarred blocks in the road, and the only lighting, wicks standing in burning brilliantine. The restoration of life in Holland should be an epic of which we can all be proud.

* * *

I am sorry to hear that the publication of the *News Digest* has now been stopped. It was undoubtedly the most objective daily summary of the European press and radio available in any country. It was started, if I remember aright, by a Government Department whose name is still shrouded in official secrecy, in the summer of 1940, when we were cut off from all normal sources of information about Europe. Under the aegis of the Foreign Office, an organisation was set up to analyse German controlled newspapers and broadcasts—and to circulate the results every day to interested Departments. The venture grew steadily in size, and access to it was at last granted to the foreign editorial offices of the daily press. Many of us came to rely on it as our chief source of reliable European news, and began to realise how inadequately we had been serviced previously. Foreign correspondents have to earn a living: they cannot afford to cable back to their home offices verbatims of lengthy articles which are not in themselves newsworthy but provide a background to the news. The editors of the *News Digest* had no such limitations. They could and did provide a thorough and impartial survey of European news and views. I don't suppose the cost of the whole venture was more than £50,000 a year. But now it has stopped and the highly trained staff is being disbanded on the principle that one only needs to be well informed about Europe after a war has broken out. If the Foreign Office had a keener desire to be informed about the countries with which it deals, and a better idea of public relations with the press—such a piece of false economy would be out of the question.

* * *

One of the most memorable revelations in the French Parliament after the last war was that the industrial areas of Briey had not been bombed by the French because of an arrangement made between German and French armament makers. This incident has naturally been recalled to many minds to-day by the news that a variety of important buildings, mainly owned by American firms, have escaped destruction from the American and British air forces. How far such misses were deliberate is very difficult to guess. That it was possible deliberately to miss large buildings is clear from the fact that the structure of Cologne Cathedral, and of a number of other great German churches, remains dramatically intact above a vast sea of rubble. Apart from the cathedral, I am told that two Cologne factories remain undestroyed, Fords and Courtaulds. Since these are outside the city, it is reasonable to think they were deliberately spared. More remarkable, the Opel works, the property of General Motors, are now producing trucks in the otherwise almost wholly devastated town of Rüsselsheim on the Rhine. Again, the I.G. Farben works at Höchst-on-Main, in which American firms have been associated, were never bombed, and the inhabitants there say it was so well known that these works would not be bombed that they were regularly used as an air raid shelter!

* * *

Sad but true is the story of a Sussex butcher, who said he could display no party posters and that he had "no politics." When he found he was talking to the Liberal candidate, he took him inside, shut the door and whispered as a confidence that he was a Liberal. He would lose his custom if anyone knew. Feudalism is not yet dead.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Glyn Richards

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

He had recently visited Exeter Cathedral and he asked his guide whether people were ever converted there. His guide replied: "This is a cathedral and we are dignified."—*Western Mail.*

Major Rich: Are Captain Astor's politics going to be those we see in *The Times* leaders day after day—pure unadulterated Socialism and pro-Bolshevism, or are we going to have genuine old-fashioned Conservative principles like those of the late Lord Salisbury?—*Sunday Express.* (Report of meeting of local Conservative Association).

Wanted, Automatic Pistol, any make or calibre, in good condition. Also Set Poker Dice.—Advertisement in *The Times.*

For the corset position was to-day described to me by the trade as "more tragically dreadful than it has ever been."—*Evening Standard.*

Lost, vicinity of Belfast, pair of cream striped Pyjamas on May 29th; sentimental value; finder rewarded.—Letter in *Belfast News-Letter.*

BUCHENWALD

I WAS desperately busy on the morning when the interrogator brought K into my office. To get rid of them, I asked them both to dinner, conscious that I was almost certainly in for a wasted evening. We had seen too many "Concentration-camp prisoners"—pathetic broken creatures—most of them homeless and stateless. When one had heard their story through, there always came the moment when one had to explain that we could not provide them with visas for England or the States: they must return to a Displaced Persons' Centre and wait.

But the moment we met in the Mess it was obvious that K was different. Fair-haired, slim, about 34, with neat, gold-rimmed glasses and a pleasant Austrian accent, he looked as though his borrowed grey flannel suit belonged to him. In spite of eight years in Buchenwald, he had been able to discard, along with the grotesque grey-and-white prisoner's clothes, the prisoner's mentality. K was not only liberated: he was free.

We started dinner at seven and finished at 3.30 a.m. We talked Buchenwald; and what follows is only a fragment of what K had to tell.

As a young Austrian Catholic, K had had a tough time at first. When he got there in 1938 Buchenwald was composed of criminals, who held all the key positions under the S.S.; some 2,000 German Communists—the cream of the Party; Jews; gypsies and homosexuals. Each group was distinguished by its own badge, green for criminals, red for politicals, yellow for Jews, and pink for homosexuals. As a political, K was grouped with the Communists, who did not see any particular reason why they should help an Austrian "crypto-Fascist."

Somehow K managed to come to terms with three or four Communist intellectuals. "We had one thing in common—a will to survive. Mine was based on religion, theirs on Marxism. All of us realised there was one thing we could not afford—pity. I remember getting up early one morning to have ten minutes alone. I was sleeping in a three-tiered bunk less than three feet wide with four men on each tier. Privacy was a little difficult. I walked outside the barrack and there were rambler roses in full bloom festooned up the wall. It was five o'clock and dawn was breaking. I wasn't looking where I was going and I stumbled against a body swinging from the gutter and bumping the roses. It was a gypsy who had hung himself by his braces. And do you know, there was a cigarette end drooping from the corner of his mouth.

"Yes, one lived by the will to survive. You remember the winter of 1940? It was our worst winter because they allowed us no parcels. We were beaten if we went to bed in anything except our underclothes. One day we stood for 19 hours on end at attention on the Parade Ground because one prisoner was missing. I saw 19 people fall dead. The S.S. counted and re-counted—and the funny thing was that in the end the silly swine found that no one was missing.

"I had done well. As an intellectual I had no special skill which would give me a soft job in the jeweller's workshop or the book-binder's or the shop where the model viking ships were made for the S.S. to give as Christmas presents. I was due for the quarries until a Communist offered me a job in the smithy a hundred yards away. I knew nothing about it, but there was a fire there, and he told me to stand beside it and pull bolts out of a rusty bar and put them back again. I could see the Jews in the quarry through the windows.

"One day I looked up and saw a Jew crawling on hands and knees towards the smithy. I watched him. It took him over an hour to do the hundred yards. I knew what was coming. Finally I heard the scratching on the door. I moved involuntarily to the door and opened it a foot. I saw him lying there outside. His nails were bleeding. The next thing I knew, I was lying on the floor by the fire and my comrade was standing over me saying 'You bloody fool.' We picked up the body on our way home from work and carried it back to the camp.

"You ask me how I, as a Catholic, can tell you that. Because we had to reserve our pity for useful things—for helping the comrades when we could really help. I learnt some hard lessons. I hated the Communists' contempt for the upper-class prisoners. But mostly it was justified. There were high-grade Civil Servants, important business men and dignitaries there. In the camp we were all on the level, all dressed the same. Most people's morale is supported by the corset of their social prestige and rank and status. Strip those corsets off and they sag. They lose all self-respect and the proletarians look at them with contempt. You want examples? Well, the S.S. gave us a brothel in 1942, fourteen girls from another camp. The secret Camp Committee decided to put it out of bounds for all politicals, but some of the upper-class people paid their two marks and soon they were fighting for the girls and stealing in order to give them presents. It was the same with the 200 Polish boys. That was the sort of thing which made the proletarian say that the bourgeosie has no self-respect when you take off their corsets.

"How were we organised inside the camp? When the S.S. got rid of Commandant Koch—the one whose wife liked men with tattoos, selected them for her pleasures and then had them skinned to use the tattooed breast-skins as parchment for lampshades—the new Commandant was easier to deal with. The Communists got themselves into all the key positions which had been held by the criminals. There was a Communist Block Leader in charge of each block; Communists ran the hospital, the canteen, the kitchen, and, most important of all, the Labour Office which decided on the movement of prisoners from camp to camp and the composition of the work commandos. The S.S. had to leave most of this work to the German inmates, especially when the camp grew in size and thousands of foreigners were brought in. The choice was whether the criminals should have this power or the politicals. Of course, anyone who had it had power of life and death, yes, of life and death. As more and more foreigners came in, the Communists naturally tended to select foreign Communists to head up the barracks. They had an iron discipline. They did many hard things but they saved the camp from total extermination.

"It was funny to see the S.S. power ebbing away. Partly it was just fatty degeneration. The S.S. men were shirking military service and were making a good thing out of the camp. They got corrupted by power, emotionally exhausted by beating and killing, and they knew they were losing the war. You won't believe it, but on the day of liberation the Communists and the Russian soldiers were walking about in brand-new S.S. boots and wind-jackets and many of the S.S. had only shoes. And all the time the S.S. were torturing or beating us to death.

"I got a job as secretary to the doctor in charge of the typhus experimental station. I worked in closely with the Communists in the key jobs in the hospital. We were in a strong position because the ordinary S.S. were terrified of coming near either of our buildings for fear of infection. The two doctors were the only staff provided, and we worked on them pretty successfully. In my section a great deal of experimental work was carried out on the inmates. We produced one good anti-typhus serum, but we reserved that for the inmates and sent one out to the S.S. divisions at the front consisting mostly of water.

"It was through our positions in the hospital and experimental stations that we were able to save many people from execution. A party of some fifty British for instance were brought in one day, mostly parachutists from the Maquis.

Their morale was O.K. They formed a national group like the Russians, and got in contact with the German comrades. One day we got wind that they were all to be executed in a week's time. I talked it over with a Communist in the hospital and we agreed that we might be able to save four. So they held a meeting and selected the four. The rest knew they were for it.

The most difficult problem was the British C.O. because he was so well known in the camp. The only way to save him was to substitute him for a dying man in the hospital and let him take the dying man's papers. Unfortunately, the only foreign language he knew was French, and he was very tall. And there were no Frenchmen in the hospital. By luck a transport of Frenchmen arrived two or three days before the execution date, many of them down with typhus. But there was only one who would do.

"I shall never forget that time. The Communist who had agreed to do the job kept on saying to me, 'One little injection will do the trick. If your man is worth saving we can't be squeamish.' But the Englishman and I decided we couldn't murder the man and we hung on till the Frenchman really was dying and the injection would be O.K. That was the day before the execution day.

"After the execution we both got the feeling that perhaps the man hadn't been dying after all, and that we really had polished him off. So we've got the address of the Frenchman's wife and we're trying to find her to explain what happened and to offer her compensation.

"Anyway, it all went off all right. After a week in hospital, posing as the dead Frenchman, the Englishman was moved out to a camp where he was less well known. We kept contact with him until liberation. You're surprised that one had scruples about little things like waiting for a man to be really dying before injecting him. But it was those little things which were the faith that kept me going. The Communists, of course, didn't mind about them. For them the end justified the means and there's no doubt it was Communist discipline which saved the camp. In the end we had enough arms in the camp to take over before the Americans arrived.

"It's a queer thing, but in Buchenwald we didn't waste much time hating the S.S. They beat us, they butchered us, they exploited us; but our hatred (and our love, too) was reserved for the comrades inside. It was the stool-pigeons and the informers and the men who let us down whom we really hated. The S.S. was just an Act of God. You didn't hate it, you just accepted it as the established order; or, if you were clever, you worked on it and corrupted it to make life bearable.

"I can see that you still wonder why one troubled to survive. Of course, a lot didn't, especially the non-politicals. But a Concentration Camp is just another form of human existence. After the first shock one accepts it, just as one accepts the front line or the slum. And if you decide to survive and adapt yourself, you live just as fully in Buchenwald as anywhere else; though the chances of death are a good deal higher.

"Like normal people, we had our escapes. We were allowed to receive books. Heavens, how I read in the half-hour available! I shall never read so greedily again. We got the world news from the commandos who mixed with the Germans outside, and I think we were the best informed people in Germany. We used to send directives to comrades outside on propaganda. Then there was the cinema. We had it twice a week, mostly non-political stuff. The S.S. had a sense of humour. They put the screen in the room where the beating block was kept. We used to watch films of people eating and drinking and sitting in arm-chairs, with the beating block just there behind. But on the whole it helped."

I shall never forget that dinner party. K with his neat gold-rimmed glasses, his boyish enjoyment of a good story, seemed not only to have survived Buchenwald, but to have developed out of it a new steely ironical philosophy. Perhaps, I thought, as I listened to him, the fraternity and internecine struggle of Buchenwald, the mixture of idealism and conspiracy, of self-sacrifice and self-assertion, are a microcosm of the moral and political struggle which will face all of us in the post-war world.

R. H. S. Crossman

THINGS SEEN

Each week some new and sumptuous banquet is offered to our long-starved eyes. The acquisitions since 1942 of the Tate Gallery can now be seen in the basement of the National Gallery. (Forgive the exaggeration, some can be seen, and others can be dimly perceived.) These acquisitions are various in origin, purchases by the Trustees, purchases by the Chantrey Bequest, gifts from the National Arts Collection Fund and the Contemporary Art Society, gifts and bequests from private persons. The result is very various and happy. There are a number of pictures I personally don't care for, but undoubtedly it is the duty of the Tate to represent a wider range of taste than any discriminating individual can possess. There is only one painting that seems to me to have no conceivable claim to even a short lease of national wall-space—it is called *The Crown of Thorns*—and this, I hasten to say, is a gift.

The Tate has been blessed with some wonderful benefactions: first of all, Mr. Graham Robertson's Blakes, which in this exhibition hang with a selection of other Blakes from the Gallery, forming the finest representation, I suppose, of this artist that has ever been seen; next, the superb Modigliani given by Miss Blaker, the Bonnards given by Sir Michael Sadler and Lord Sandwich, Mr. Shearman's Rouault, Lady Henry Bentinck's Sickerts, and an exquisite Turner given by Miss M. H. Turner. The National Arts Collection Fund has provided a large and grandly designed Ward, an early masterpiece by Steer, and one of Stanley Spencer's happiest works. The Chantrey pictures, which when chosen exclusively by Royal Academicians were enjoyable only as jokes, include works by Gilman, Ginner, Lucien Pissarro, John, Ethel Walker, Stanley Spencer, Henry Lamb, Gertler, Coldstream and Appelbee. But at least equally significant is the taste revealed in the purchases made by the Tate itself: let me cite the two Frances Hodgkinses (a fascinating early oil and a recent gouache), and particularly well chosen works by Fuseli, Steer, Greaves, Gwen John, Duncan Grant, Wyndham Lewis, William Roberts, Tunnard, Graham Bell, Morland Lewis and Henry Moore. Nor have I yet mentioned the work of four little known painters: the extravagantly romantic John Martin is represented by a Miltonic fantasy that only the very pure can fail to enjoy; Frank Huddleston Potter (1847-1887) by a good painting and a good drawing; Frederick Etchells, who has long since abandoned painting for architecture, by a Still Life which is intrinsically beautiful and historically important—a fruit of the first impact upon England of Post-Impressionism; and the Mexican Cardoso, a Sunday Painter, by a work that even I, who dislike Sunday paintings, must admit to be charming. The whole effect of the exhibition is to redouble our confidence in the Director and Trustees of the Tate; after many chequered years, the Gallery is at last proceeding on a steady course.

The Agnew exhibition of Old Masters includes several paintings that would rank high in the National Gallery. The Rubens portrait of Pecquius is more imposing than endearing: it extorts admiration. But the late Titian Portrait has that peculiar intensity which comes when supreme skill conveys a poetical apprehension of reality. The unknown "Secretary" emerges like a character in Shakespeare. Much as I enjoy contemporary painting, such a work as this makes it seem thin and inhuman. Then there is one of the loveliest Guardis I have ever seen; and quite the best Wouwermans; admirable examples of Claude and Goya; brilliant little Constables; irresistible landscapes too by Vincent and de Wint.

The Arcade Gallery has a collection of baroque pictures: the most beautiful, a Fabritius; the most fascinating, a dramatic picture of an old woman, attributed to Gerard Dou but utterly superior to any picture I have seen by him. Then there is a Franz Hals, characteristically vital, with a foreshortened hand that leaves me amazed and uneasy, raising childhood memories of Maskelyne and Devant. An amusing contrast in period feeling is provided by a Van Dyck crucifixion, a bravura expression of Ignatian mysticism, and the Everdingen *Bacchus*, realising the flesh at its sulkiest.

The Lefevre is showing twenty pictures by Spencer Gore. The lighting of this gallery, which suits some paintings admirably, is unjust and flattening to these. The history of English painting is an almost unbroken sequence of disappointments: each generation throws up young men who display extraordinary gifts, only to die young or to decline slowly. Inventive as well as particularly sensitive, Gore influenced Sickert, who had been his master; and, but for the abhorred shears, he might have become an English equivalent of the *intimisme* of Vuillard and Bonnard. Look at the garden seen through a curtained window, and the ballet scene, and *The Quarry*. His last, more broadly treated, pictures are too poster-like, with the exception of the noble *Letchworth*. In his best pictures what sureness of tone, what delicacy of touch! These are rare virtues, though neither indispensable nor in themselves sufficient; and among contemporary English painters some are too prudent to go farther, others too rash to go even so far. If Gore delights as well as satisfies, it is because in his best work he used his accomplishment to pin down a momentary vision, his brushes keeping everything in tune, so that every nuance of prismatic colour is happily related to all the others, almost as if the whole picture were implicit in the first dab of paint. Miss Carlisle's pictures in the same gallery look, by comparison, very harum-scarum. Only deep knowledge can justify such would-be vigorous distortions. The Still Lifes, however, do reveal a distinct though undisciplined talent.

The Leicester Galleries are showing, beside the Hugh Walpole Collection of etchings and lithographs (fine Rembrandts, Lautrecs and Picassos), a roomful of recent paintings by Duncan Grant. He is emerging from a long, laborious phase, during which his colour tended to be either raucous or muddy. He was evidently struggling to extend the scope of his naturally lyrical genius. Though for my part I still prefer the works in which he translates more freely the things seen, his latest pictures, and particularly the Still Lifes 5, 21, 23, and 35 are charming as well as in the highest degree painterly. Never is there any of that emptiness which is the besetting sin of contemporary painters. I consider indeed that No. 5 is one of the most accomplished English Still Lifes I have seen for years. Another superlatively happy picture is *The Lawn*, with a composition that establishes a fine serenity. *Calves* and *Window in London* are specially distinguished by the depth and richness of their colour. I do not believe that Mr. Grant has yet fully developed the method of expression at which he has been aiming. But I think, as I have thought for over twenty years, that he is the most gifted English painter of his generation; the firmness with which he resists any surrender to his congenital facility is beyond praise; and the best of his latest pictures are not only successful but promising.

A number of the pictures at Tooth's show English painting in its most aggressively national mood. I confess I can't take it. But do not miss an unusually gay Paul Nash, a John portrait in the 18th century tradition, a happy picture of birds by Cedric Morris, and, above all, an early Matthew Smith, which I think the most impressive picture by him I have ever seen.

At Foyle's Gallery above the bookshop there is an exhibition called "The Artist at Work," intended to explain the intentions and the technique of painters from the Palaeolithic Age to Matisse. This is well arranged, and includes material interesting to others than the uninstructed for whom it is primarily intended. But the characteristics of the various materials used by the painter and the various uses of such materials are not successfully made clear by the small colour-reproductions. It would be easy to provide actual examples of oil-painting, tempera, water-colour and the Impressionist technique. The value of Mr. Ruhemann's exhibition would thus be doubled.

Roger Marvell

RADIO NOTES

Anyone who has listened to the Election speeches from the point of view of microphone technique, must have found some of his presuppositions confirmed and others perhaps corrected. He will have learnt, for instance, that eloquence is not in itself sufficient to convince, if something else is expected; and that a colourless voice need not be a drawback, if the material is well enough marshalled. We may have known these things before, but the reality of the occasion heightens our awareness of them. And here, as at few other times, it is necessary to enter a caveat against the singularity of the critic's judgment. Where any aesthetic values, however slender, are concerned, the critic is bound to assume in them a certain validity guaranteed by the focus of his experience. In the case of a public address, on the other hand, it is impossible to make any such assumption: on the contrary, it is not unusual to find the general consensus of opinion directly opposed to one's own, probably because one has instinctively applied standards inappropriate to the effect aimed at by the speaker. Nevertheless even those whose opinion of the various election speeches differs wholly from mine may find a moment's interest in comparing their impressions with my own.

It will be generally agreed, even by his opponents, that as a broadcaster Mr. Winston Churchill is in a class by himself. He breaks all radio rules, of course, but gets away with it, when—as during the past five years—he is on his own ground. Yet his particular brand of eloquence has, I think, its disadvantages: now that his enemies are at home, instead of abroad, his emphasis sometimes appears unfair (to say the least of it), his humour misjudged; while the sardonic pugnacity, so wonderfully suited to trouncing the enemies of Britain, is apt to sound disconcerting when applied to domestic matters like milk or the birth rate. The Prime Minister's disadvantage was Mr. Attlee's opportunity, and he took it. Of all the speeches I have yet heard, his and Sir John Anderson's seemed to me the best judged, the most telling. No personality emerged from Mr. Attlee's level tones, but the very modesty and plainness of his style added persuasion to the clarity and skill with which he had arranged his material. Mr. A. V. Alexander and Mr. Ernest Brown both pitched their addresses rather dangerously high; a less pretentious style would have made me more attentive to what they had to say. Mr. Brendan Bracken came a much fuller cropper: feeble echoes of the Prime Minister could do nothing to put across a speech delivered throughout in a ponderous, liturgical manner. I am told Miss Ellen Wilkinson's speech was thought particularly well of by most people; to me it seemed that her in many respects convincing material would have been better served by a plainer delivery, in the Attlee style. I did not care for the sneering undertone, which was no doubt spot-lit by the microphone. Mr. Philip Noel Baker risked disaster by opening his speech with an elaborate simile, drawn from a play about Verdun. I can imagine no better method of eliciting a raspberry—a pity, since the address itself was quite excellent and most persuasively spoken. So far, Mr. James Griffiths was the only speaker, besides the Prime Minister, who seemed a natural orator. Perhaps his nationality is responsible for this; at all events his eloquence had a passionate quality that gave intense conviction to his arguments, which were admirably concrete.

Very high marks for the anonymous Saboteur's account of his experiences, last Sunday evening. One expected this talk to be exciting and peculiar, but was unprepared for so effective a delivery.

Recommendations:—*June 24th.* "How to be Good at Music" (10.0).

June 26th.—Gilbert Murray and Bertrand Russell in the Brains Trust (8.15); Lord David Cecil on Gray (10.45).

June 27th. Casals in concertos by Schumann and Elgar (7.0).

June 28th. Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears (recital, 3.0); Schumann; *Fantaisie* (7155); *Henry IV*, Episode 5 (9.45).

June 29th. Chabrier: *Valses Romantiques* for two pianos (8.0); *Louis Pasteur* (feature, 8.15).

Edward Sackville West

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Little Eyolf," at the Embassy

Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* is the latest addition to the interesting series of plays presented by Anthony Hawtrey and C.E.M.A. at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. Although Archer's translation sounds dated and present-day audiences are accustomed to a quicker tempo, one is grateful for any opportunity of seeing this remarkable play, and the current production is in many ways satisfying. Mr. Walter Hudd, who also acts as director, has pathos and dignity as Alfred Allmers. Miss Lydia Sherwood has moments of emotional intensity, and her cries of "the crutch is floating" are particularly heartrending. Miss Helen Burns as Asta gives a quiet sensitive performance, but Miss Betty Potter as the Rat Wife seems perhaps too much like any neighbour calling in for a friendly exchange of confidences. The clever scenery by Riette Sturge-Moore is Christiania 1896 *à la* Paul Nash.

THE MOVIES

"To Have and Have Not," at Warner's

"Salty O'Rourke," at the Plaza

"Stricken Peninsula" and "Penicillin"

To Have and Have Not isn't bad at all. As so often happens, it copies an earlier film, but in some ways it is an improvement. Casablanca is called Martinique this time. Sunlight on the lattice, sex in the corridors, intrigue, a new pianist at the café, pistol shots, the fat *sureté* man coming round after dark. Mr. Bogart, in a sea-faring guise, still makes the best of both worlds, toughly dissociates himself from "local politics," but weighs in against the Vichyites, won't go to bed with his girl but comes round to it. Hence, I suppose, the title. How much Hemingway has had to do with it I can't say, not having read the book, but the only traces are a telling casualness in the dialogue and the scene of a makeshift operation. William Faulkner has had a hand in the script, too; he leaves no trace at all. Not, as I say, a bad thriller, along well-known lines, and it has one thing *Casablanca* missed: a new star. Her name, as you probably know by now, is Lauren Bacall (not to rhyme with jackal).

> Her approach on the screen to a male adapts the technique used on women by roués and ordinary everyday wolves. She plays a "wolverine" and attributes her success in this part to what she calls her "down-under look." It was natural with her a year ago. Now she practises it on unsuspecting newspapermen.

I quote from the official description. Highly specialised, Miss Bacall, for she came to Hollywood as Betty; she now has a Bacall slink, a Bacall shape, a Bacall voice. To quote further from the same source:

> For nearly a year Miss Bacall, then aged 18, was trained by Howard Hawks. One of his greatest tasks was to train the husky Bacall voice. This he did by taking her out to the hills for five hours a day, to shout her lines at the top of her voice.

No wonder, then, she growls her way through *To Have and Have Not*. Since appearing in one film she has married Mr. Bogart, possibly in training for the next. Her career along the path of toughness and sex-appeal seems plainly enough marked. But supposing some day she wants a change? Suppose she wanted to become an actress? The down-under look, perhaps, could be veiled by dark spectacles, but I don't see how she's ever to undo the huskiness, even by gargling in the swamps for forty-eight hours a week. For good or bad, she's the Bacall. At the moment, I must say, nothing could be more wonderful. Go and see for yourself.

A sex-personality from an earlier season provides the chief interest of *Salty O'Rourke*. The horse-racing ("tense, terrific drama of the sport of kings") is as tame as usual, though it is good to know that jockeys have to attend school. But Mr. Alan Ladd, as a tough lover, irresistible to millions, is still in the ascendant. Considered as an actor he doesn't expand. Either you get him in a hat or with the hat off; either he's insolent or fondly superior. There are the eyebrows, of course, and the hair. But after half-a-dozen films one begins to tire of this sulky fashion-plate. What—as Mr. Thurber might say—is he so poker-faced *about?*

Stricken Peninsula, the M.O.I. monthly release, is by no means the first film of post-war Italy. A recent "March of Time" dealt with this subject, more summarily and dramatically than we have done. However, this film gives a sober picture of life in the devastated cities, and we see the beginnings of something: the first train running again, oxen ploughing a hill. Vaughan Williams's score underlines some excellent photography. *Penicillin* is a good informative piece, which stresses the part played by English scientists in the discovery and development of the drug.

William Whitebait

CONTINUING CALAMITY

Continuity of foreign policy in the present critical stage is in the first degree essential.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Foreign affairs must maintain continuity,
These are decisions no Parliament shares,
Party control would produce ambiguity,
Private arrangements shape foreign affairs.
Foreign affairs
Are conducted backstairs,
What is the state of our foreign affairs?

Allied relations are gravely disquieting,
Syria and Lebanon held down by force,
Athens is terrorised, Italy rioting,
See foreign policy taking its course.
When use of armed force
Replaces discourse
See Tory diplomacy taking its course.

Foreign affairs are not merely political—
Spain and the Argentine bask in our smile,
Yet the position is crucially critical,
Poland and Russia we can't reconcile.
Treaties (new style)
Are sadly fragile,
More than the Poles are in Moscow on trial.

Foreign affairs are defined with lucidity,
Yet with our record of brilliant success,
Everything wallows in chronic fluidity
How did we get in this terrible mess?
Eden's success
Has never been less
Thank God for Hopkins, who cleared up the mess.

Classic diplomacy, subtle and sinuous
Seems for the moment completely deranged.
Must our calamities still be continuous?
Friends are bewildered and Allies estranged.
Friends are estranged,
Protests exchanged,
Is it not time our diplomacy changed?

Sagittarius

Correspondence

NON-FRATERNISATION

Sir,—The mainstay of our present policy in Germany is non-fraternisation. I can think of three reasons for this policy, (1) to make the Germans suffer for the war and realise how the world regards them; (2) to avoid the troops being misled by German excuses and apologies; (3) to express the natural feelings of revulsion which decent people feel at Nazi barbarities. I doubt very much whether these objects are being attained.

The suffering to Germans entailed by non-fraternisation is very slight—it falls mainly on girls who want male companionship, and practically no German to whom I have spoken understands the reasons for the order. And since no on can prevent the average Tommy looking longingly at the girls, the moral effect is simply to make the army look rather foolish. The second reason is based on a mistrust of the British soldier which is, in my opinion, unjustified. One does hear some foolish things said, but on the whole the British soldier has a sturdy common sense which often enables him to see through the follies of those in high places and should be sufficient to protect him against the wiles of the average German. And for the third reason, no one can feel more deeply about these things than I do, as a Jew and a Socialist. But the disgust and the detestation should be directed to the proper quarter, not only to the S.S. and the Gestapo, but to the Generals and the Von Papens, to our appeasementers at home and to the British and American high-ranking officers who shake hands with people like Göring and have themselves photographed sitting at a well-laden table with a man like Busch.

Against non-fraternisation there are three weighty arguments. First, there is the soldier's point of view, which, judging from the Press, people at home do not understand at all. It isn't just a question of not being able to go out with a girl—actually they do on the quiet, and since it has to be done on the quiet, there is a good deal more fornication than there would be if they could meet openly. But the first thing nearly every soldier thinks of when he arrives at a new location is to "get dug in," i.e. to find a civilian house where he can come in and sit down and have a chat and get away from the army for a while when his work is done. If there's a good-looking and friendly girl about the place, so much the better, but in a large number, perhaps the majority of cases, the association is entirely innocent. And no amount of cinemas, Naafis and Ensa shows can make up for the loss of the opportunity to get a little bit of comfort and change of atmosphere. It is impossible to exaggerate the part this plays in the morale of the troops. It can be stated as a general rule, particularly abroad, that a unit is happy when the men have the opportunity of friendly intercourse with civilians, and vice versa.

Secondly, the rule is not observed and cannot be enforced. It is broken not only by the men, but by N.C.O.s, officers and Military Police. Only, instead of what would in many cases be innocent friendship, you get clandestine fornication, and you will soon get an increase in V.D., much of which will not be reported to the M.O. for fear of the consequences. It is impossible to patrol all the lonely lanes and woods where soldiers can meet girls—the only way to deter would-be offenders is to impose savage penalties on the few who are caught, and, though we have been told of penalties up to 5 years' penal servitude, and, which is worse, cancellation of reckonable war service for release, for intercourse with a German girl, the thing goes on.

And, thirdly, the non-fraternisation order makes it impossible to get to know what the German people are really thinking and influence them in the direction we want them to go.

(By the way, a recent order places camps and billets of displaced persons out of bounds and forbids troops to "consort" with displaced persons. So non-fraternisation has been extended to cover our allies, and the one safety-valve has been stopped up.)

What is the alternative? First, a vigorous policy of political education for the troops, so that they shall be competent ambassadors for the principles of the free nations, an education, not in party politics, but in the principles of democracy, the facts about Hitlerism, etc. In spite of all the bally-hoo, the A.B.C.A. scheme, in my experience, is simply not being carried out. Out of eight units in which I have been, only one took it seriously, with excellent results. If inspecting officers, brigadiers and generals were half as interested in army education as they are in the shine on our brasses, the situation would be very different. Secondly, an approach must be made to the German people giving them some idea what they must aim at and what they can hope for. They are ready to listen, but we have no message for them. They will be occupied for many years, and they will suffer many hardships, but if we could hold out to them some goal, even if the way to it be long and painful, there would be a chance of turning their minds to peace. At the moment they are pliable—in a few years they may harden into a state of dull and sullen despair.

British Soldier

Germany.

THE SOLDIER'S VOTE

Sir,—Many soldiers have lost their vote on a technical error which could admittedly have been rectified in time for an autumn election. They have filled in their postal voting application envelope (Army Form B2639) issued in mid-April this year, only to receive the answer from the Electoral Registration Officer that their application is invalid because they did not complete a Service Declaration (Army Form B2626). They can, it seems, obtain a vote by filling in now a Service Declaration and a fresh postal voting application form. But they cannot vote at a General Election before October 1st, 1945, as their Service declaration was not completed by March 15th, 1945. The interesting features are that the Service Declaration forms were issued to units with very little announcement in the Spring of 1944—that is the busy period before invasion; that there are now no Service Declaration forms (Army form B2626) in this zone; that, so far as can be discovered, the Army vote is going to be heavily Labour; and that the soldiers thus deprived are much embittered by what they consider a trick.

J. A. K.

SUDETEN GERMANS

Sir,—I understand from Czech friends in London that there is some discrimination in the ejection of Sudeten Germans. The farmers and working-class Sudetens are being allowed to stay; the propertied and employing classes who were, generally speaking, pro-Nazi, are being expelled.

One might have hoped for an attempt to separate the sheep from the goats even in this richer strata of Sudeten Germans; but apparently there is not to be wholesale expulsion.

From the same sources I understand the Hungarians in Slovakia are not to be expelled after all; the argument appears to be that these were "misled" by Nazi propaganda—like so many of our own citizens up to September, 1939.

Strabolgi

Sir,—Mr. Brailsford has given an incomplete quotation from the Protocol presented by Dr. Beneš to the Peace Conference. Paragraph I of Memorandum No. III states "The Czechoslovak Government intends to organise its State by taking as the bases of the rights of the nationalities the principles applied in the constitution of the Swiss Republic, that is to say, the Government designs to make of the Czechoslovak Republic a sort of Switzerland" (and this is what Mr. Brailsford omits) "while paying regard, of course, to the special conditions in Bohemia." These additional phrases, do, I think, make it quite clear that the constitution of Czechoslovakia was never intended to be the same as that of federal Switzerland.

Henlein certainly professed loyalty to the Republic, he even came to London and addressed the Royal Institute of International Affairs in the same vein, in an effort to win support in this country. Surely nobody believes that his loyalty was genuine, or that the demand for "cultural autonomy" was anything else than the thin end of the wedge.

10, West Green,
Cottingham.

John R. Whitehouse

LUTHER AND NIEMÖLLER

Sir,—May I have the hospitality of your columns to raise one side of the issue of Mr. Wiener's "Win the Peace" Pamphlet to which neither Mr. Kingsley Martin's review nor E. W.'s impassioned defence of Luther as a hero have done full justice?

The weakness of Mr. Wiener's thesis lies not merely in his misrepresentation of the Reformer's person, nor in the barrenness of his political conclusions, but in some fundamental confusions of thought.

(1) Mr. Wiener employs that well-known historical method, which makes a man of the Renaissance—good or bad—conform to one or other of the tendencies

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JONATHAN CAPE

of our times. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the value of this method, nor upon the practice of making political capital out of historical theses.

(2) Mr. Wiener confuses Luther with Lutheranism and Lutheranism with Germany. The Lutheran Confessional Church in Germany is but one of many Lutheran Churches. Germany is roughly only 50 per cent. Protestant and of this a certain section is Presbyterian. Scandinavia, on the other hand, is solidly Lutheran and in the U.S.A. close on five million are adherents of that creed. Should all these people be logically Nazis? And, if so, why are they not? The answer is simple enough: Luther is not identical with Lutheranism, as Mr. Wiener conveniently assumes. That Church bases its teaching on credal documents, the majority of which do not even come from Luther's pen.

It may well be, however, that some of the ills of modern Germany arise out of the *secularised* remnants of the Christianity she once possessed. That judgment, however, may be applied to many of the political ills of most parts of the world. In any case, this is not exactly what Mr. Wiener wants.

(3) Mr. Wiener misrepresents Luther's doctrine of the State, since he has failed to understand it. Alas! he seems to be no theologian! Those who wish to inform themselves of this doctrine will no doubt prefer reading one of Luther's writings on the subject to the perusal of a few quotations.

Lastly, does not the fact that Luther has always been one of the most controversial historical figures suggest that the problem is a somewhat greater one than can be dealt with in a "Win the Peace" Pamphlet? There *are* serious and scholarly books on Luther and Lutheranism.

Keble College,
Oxford.

Peter Fraenkel

WHERE TO PUT A FACTORY

Sir,—Your article on the Dunmow steel plate factory is argued on obviously correct lines. There is no excuse for irresponsible unplanned siting of *projected* industries. But we in Cambridge have a different problem. A factory, born out of the anguished need for bombers and bomber repairs, has stood on the Cambridge-Bedford Road, near the village of Madingley, for the past four years. It is now virtually derelict, and it looks most unpleasant. The local Council for the Preservation of Rural England have recently voted the absolute removal of the place, and from their point of view (predominantly that of the sequestered colleges, who preach amenities at any price, yet own and perpetuate slums which parallel the worst in any other English town) the case is watertight. To the working people of the town, however, the factory represents potential wealth.

Before the war Cambridge wages were notoriously low—particularly in view of the artificially college-inflated cost of living. Virtually there were three sources of employment: a backstairs basement-dwelling servility at the beck of "the young gentlemen," the insecurity of seasonal work in the radio industry, or the railway yards.

The new factory changed that, and despite the E.W.O., labour was seduced from the existing employers by offers of better wages. The townsman realised for the first time that his brain, his hands, his skill, had a higher worth than the traditional wage level. That Cambridge, industrialised, need not be a lower class dead end.

The Council's resolution thus produced a spirited response from the townspeople, mass opinion being decidedly against the removal of the factory. Their challenge evoked no counterblast from the Council.

Surely the solution is simple. First, turn the factory over to the production of housing units, or agricultural equipment (it is admirably suited to either). Second, screen the place with quick-growing trees. Third, clear the Cambridge slums. Fourth, plan and build new and diverse light industries and workers' estates. Fifth, remove the original factory from the Cambridge-Bedford Road.

This apparently parochial problem is probably duplicated in many places elsewhere, and it is for that reason I have written. The blind removal of existing sources of wealth, in order to reintroduce old amenities, without reference to the larger, more mundane, fundamental issues of improved wage standards and living conditions, cannot too forcefully be deplored.

John Barnes

Cambridge.

CLEANING OLD PICTURES

Sir,—Everybody must be grateful to Mr. Roger Marvell for raising the subject of cleaning old pictures. But he makes it all too simple by speaking as if there were nothing more in it but taking off a few coats of varnish. If that were all, and if, as Mr. Marvell so confidently assumes, the picture then looked as it did when it left the painter's studio, nobody would complain.

Unfortunately, much more is done. There are three steps by which a picture can be restored. First, the cleaner can remove the old varnish; next, he can take off, with the varnish, glazes put on by the artist; finally, he can repaint parts of the picture. The removal of the varnish is to the good. The rest is bad, but restorers go on doing it. They have different standards from the artist. They like picture to be smart and glossy, at all costs.

Mr. Marvell makes special mention of the Bacchan of Poussin, formerly one of the loveliest pictures England. Before the war, it had a glowing tran parency, like that of Poussin's magnificent Childho of Jupiter in the Dulwich Gallery; it now has a sme glitter, like the "Poussins" kept in the Nation Gallery basement. Is Mr. Marvell sure that fresh paint has been put on this picture since it l Poussin's hand?

Of course, there are gains as well as losses. Wh the Philip IV of Velasquez was cleaned a few yea before the war, the dress was much clearer, but t face lost some of its exquisite drawing. And The Woman Taken in Adultery, now cleaned, t design made by the light falling along the hea comes out notably: but was Rembrandt's the la hand to touch the white step on which the wom kneels? Has anybody beside Van Eyck touched t face of Arnolfini's wife? If not, why is the unifo cracking of the picture interrupted there? Wh was the red cloak of Mercury in Rubens' Judgme of Paris last painted? Of course, the new cleanin may merely have brought into prominence som earlier restorer's presumption.

I ask these questions because it seems to me th the public has a right to know just what is done by t National Gallery cleaners. A record should be ma of every step in a restoration, and the record publishe

Oxford.

Peter Greenham

[Mr. Marvell writes: "I think the differen between Mr. Greenham and myself is one of fact a taste rather than of principle. It was cleaning, n repainting, that I recommended. I have alwa understood that it was the practice of the Nation Gallery to photograph pictures, after they had be stripped of dirty varnish, before any restoration w done. But I feel pretty confident that none of t newly cleaned pictures has in fact had any new pai put upon it. The notion that the prese Director of the National Gallery would allow the hea of Arnolfini's wife to be repainted seems to me gro tesque. In any case, does Mr. Greenham belie that any restorer could conceivably produce suc consummate painting as this head reveals The Bacchanal is the only Poussin in the Galler I believe, in such good condition that it could b cleaned with no restoration. Mr. Greenham thin the yellow varnish gave it "a glowing transparency" I think it shrouded the beauty and originality of t artist's colour-scheme. But I agree with him t where extensive repainting would be needed, it usually wiser to leave the picture as it is."—E *N. S. & N.*]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

N the last five years the soldier has recovered ome of the individual dignity that was crushed ut of him in the last war. He has ceased to be annon fodder ; he has become far more like he primitive hunter, relying on skill and cunning. We may moralise about the break-up of civilisaon but, after reading some of the literature about he resistance movements in Europe and the ngenuity with which they were organised and upplied, one has the impression, amid all the ragedy, cruelty and chaos, that man has mastered is new scientific tools. He has become economial and precise in the use of them. Intricate rganisations lie behind the parachute jump of he secret agent and the supply of the maquis ; nd these men are not ciphers, the mere cells f mass, scientific society. On the contrary, heir individuality is enhanced and their personal apacities are enlarged to an extent that was nknown in the first machine war, when machines were imperfectly understood.

It may be unwise to generalise like this from he special case of the resistance movements nd the men who were sent out on the moonlight ights over the Channel to join them ; but there re one or two passages in a new book about the aquis which suggest the tendency I have mentioned. The book is written by a young British officer who jumped into France some time before D-Day ; and one of his motives in joining he sabotage movement was his dislike of the wholesale bombing he had seen in Italy. It seemed to him not only horrible but wasteful. Vital destruction, yes—but not total destruction. The modern spirit rebels against the lack of precision, even when morality is in abeyance. These ruinous mass effects seem essentially foreign to the age.

*Maquis** is a very readable book ; indeed, it s the best book I have read, so far, on the subject. The matter is rich and unbearably exciting ; it is enlivened by the spirited, rather vain and " difficult " character of the author who has a natural eye for the difficult shapes of human nature in general ; it is self-revealing, sensitive, good-humoured and never melodramatic. The day-to-day life of his particular maquis and their common talk are just as alive as the more dramatic passages re. One is compelled to compare this book with he French book, *Army of Shadows*, by Joseph Kessel, and to note the difference between the French and British approach. Mr. Millar is not gnawed by the sense of spiritual tragedy: he is too nterested in himself. On the other hand, he is ot as studied or as romantic as M. Kessel ; e does not intellectualise ; there is none of that ather false detachment about cruelty and murder, which made one ask what was going to happen to Europe if such things were to be admitted. Of course, Mr. Millar came from the outside. He came to a not very tightly organised section of the front, and in the period when hopes were obviously going to be realised. He had not passed through the time of despair. And when he wrote, he wrote as a man of action.

The opening pages of *Maquis*, in which Mr. Millar poses overmuch to the reader, are not typical of him, once he settles to his narrative. He begins with his training and that itself is fascinating. The schools that trained these courageous men were the homes of cranks :

> I learned that Britain is strong because of her cranks. The most apparent factor of her strength is the steadiness of the stodgy, dull, ugly, ordinary people and their readiness to face all problems cheerfully packed together in a cohesive mass. But in time of war, and especially in odd organisations like the one in which I found myself, the British crank makes himself felt, you see the impatience of the great body of Britishers who occupy themselves with crazy things.

And so, strange weapons were tried out beside the wallflower beds ; one saw the colonel in something between a duck-punt and a one-man submarine among the water-lilies in the pond. If eccentrics were encouraged, heroes were systematically deflated so that over-confidence should not turn their heads when they went to dangerous work again, As for courage—one detected the underlying tension. The men who had come back from France were quiet, tired and irritable. They seldom wanted to go back to the work abroad, but they waited with a doomed passiveness to be *sent* back. Mr. Millar says that he himself is of " naturally timorous disposition." He was the hare, not the hound. But, in this game, the ability to run away at the right time in the right way, was as important as aggression.

The " moment of truth " in his life came, of course, with the jump in the moonlight when he saw the belly of the plane pass over his head like a trout and, next, the corn dividing in the wind like a head of fair hair beneath his dangling feet. There was the muddled meeting with the maquis party, who shouted at the tops of their voices. And this was his lasting impression : the secret army was always shouting. Members were inclined to boast in cafés that they were led by a British officer whom they named ! For a fortnight, he says, he saw the hand of the Resistance everywhere, for a month the hand of the Germans; but after that he was adjusted to his life, and walked the tight-rope of guerrilla warfare in a mood somewhere between confidence and panic. One bicycled down the innocent road, one whizzed down the inviting hill—and had to swerve to avoid the Gestapo car that was turning the bend. One learned to distrust motor bicycles, and old men who knelt down to do up their shoe-laces. One learned to efface car tracks and to cut bushes to cover one's entrance into a wood. One learned the signals of the washing line ; when to walk fast, when to walk slowly.

At first Mr. Millar was passed on from one house to the next, passing awful days and nights in bedrooms, ready to get under the stairs, or out of the side door while the Germans came in at the front. This life demoralised him. He felt trapped before he was caught and he jumped at the chance of getting out into the maquis camps in the forest. It was rough: the men were simple, incredibly careless with equipment and explosives, quarrelsome about politics, heroic in emergency and impervious to sanitary regulations. They seem to have been devoted to Mr. Millar in an oblique fashion because he understood the equipment and how to use it, and because they imagined him to belong to the British Secret Service, to them a diabolical, an almost transcendental organisation with powers beyond the thought of man. They also thought him soft because he insisted on precautions and because he would not start an independent war against collaborators. Careless and naive as these miscellaneous French countrymen were, when they came to the test their nerve was amazing. There is the example of Gut. Gut was almost unconscious when the Gestapo took him. They had beaten him up on the road and they locked him in a room with a guard and posted another guard outside. The guard kicked Gut hard to see if he were conscious ; Gut repressed his cry and the guard fell asleep :

> Cautiously Gut reconnoitred the room. The barred window was impossible, but the door looked old and weak. For a long time he listened at the door, watching the German who slept within a few feet of him. He thought he also heard the deep breathing of sleep from the passage. And there was no noise of shuffling feet, no clatter of a rifle-butt.
>
> In one corner of the room lay a heap of iron, the remains of an old bedstead. Gut took off his heavy boots now, so that he could move silently. He chose the longest and straightest piece of metal in the corner, put it under the door and heaved. A man of less than his mighty strength would perhaps have failed. Gut lifted the door half-way off its hinges, and the lock disengaged. This was done with a good deal of noise. The Germans still slept. He tiptoed along a stone corridor, down a staircase, opened a door which gave on to a street that he knew. There was no sentry outside. He had escaped !
>
> Then he had a shock. He was standing, swaying from weakness and fatigue in a cold, empty street at four in the morning, and he had no boots on. Sorely wounded as he was, filled with the urgency of flight as he was, Gut returned past the still sleeping sentries, picked up his boots from the floor that was stained with his own blood, and then escaped all over again. In the street he put on his boots, cut down an alleyway and took to the fields.

Mr. Millar had his own bad moments. There was a deadly pursuit through a forest, when his companion was killed. There was an extraordinary escape down a road sewer, where they listened to the Germans talking on the road over their heads. There were attacks on railway sidings, engines and oil waggons. As the time went by, Mr. Millar would lie up in his cabin and look down upon the country of Besançon, and in peaceful moments think of it as his own.

> When I looked out over the thin black line of the railway, then the winding, willow-fringed Ognon beyond it, and the villages that dotted the valley, I was looking at my country. Not at a foreign country. At my own country. There was not one of those villages in which I had no friends. There was not one of them that was not identified then and for ever with my life. For the war had given me, if only for a few months, this precious thing ; it had made me a part of the villages and their fields. It showed me the life of the villages. When I went into any of them I knew which women were " enceintes," and whose men were in jail. When I went into their graveyards there were many names that were living names to me, for life is steady, and does not disintegrate with the generations in the Franche-Comté. I knew which house would offer me tart to eat, and which would have the strange, runny local cheese in bowls. Although I do not personally believe in religion, I found peace in their village churches, with the tiled onion-shaped spires surmounted with fine wrought-iron crosses. And if the only services I attended were funeral services for my own comrades, then I thought no less of the dead man because I knew the names and often the small vices and virtues of the women in the choir, and because the saintly-looking acolytes were also very naughty little franc-comtois whom I had seen in the village gutters and sometimes in the woods or on and in the Ognon River.

An unquiet and refractory spirit, he had got out of the training schools and the organisation into a Robin Hood existence : he had realised that dream which many soldiers of the first mass war had in the trenches—a dream of slipping away from the line into the woods and there, gathering into bands, living on what the peasants would give them. Perhaps this disgust with society and this desire for anarchy are always realised by warfare ; but here, in modern war, the desire had been curiously realised. The new weapons, the wireless transmitter, the supplies parachuting down from the bellies of the Liberators made this possible and gave it sanction. Mr. Millar was in the habit of taking his code phrases from Baudelaire. It is the final touch.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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*Maquis. By GEORGE MILLAR. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

COLONIAL SOCIALISM

Fabian Colonial Essays. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

The Fabian Colonial Bureau has collected a baker's dozen of the progressive colonial experts and set them to write each on his own speciality. Most of them are veterans, summing up the learning of a lifetime: Brailsford, Drummond Shiels, Leonard Woolf, J. F. Horrabin, J. S. Furnivall. Some are younger: Dr. Rita Hinden, C. W. Greenidge, M Fortes. Between them the essays cover the Socialist approach to the colonies, political advance, economics, education, the anthropological view. Geographically they concentrate on British Africa, apart from an essay on the West Indies by H. Stannard, a Burmese study by Furnivall, and an estimate of the Cingalese constitution by Drummond Shiels. The Pacific Islands do not appear, nor is there any attempt to handle the red-hot problem of Palestine, where the principles of some of the writers would conflict with their personal sympathies.

This is a brilliant anthology. The Ministry of Information and the Colonial Office might well learn from it that honest discussion provides much more stimulation and conviction than "projecting the Empire" by recounting all the good of imperialism—and there is much, and omitting all the evil—and there is plenty of that, too. The admirable writing of most of the essays helps their effectiveness, naturally. My only quarrel with them is that they tend too much to abstraction, although, of course, if you are establishing principles you must write about principles, and doctrine is needed in working out a specifically Socialist colonial policy. This emerges not from the general acceptance of the aims of political and social progress, which is now common ground in British parties, but from emphasis on certain points. Thus to all these authors what matters in the colonies is the colonial peoples. The strategic importance of colonies, their economic value to the industrial countries, the relations between the ruling nations, are held as secondary in importance, while the vested interests which exploit colonial resources are Apollyon straddling right across the Way. A. Creech Jones, who contributes a chapter on the welfare policy with whose inception he has had much to do, puts his finger on the spot in the introduction:

> Genuine progress of the colonial peoples is achieved by policies which must include the elements of socialist economic principles.

Those principles, as Brailsford says, involve a revolution in the position of the primary producer, the peasant; otherwise, the colonial peoples, overwhelmingly country folk, will remain wretchedly poor and helpless; and also the socialisation of colonial resources such as minerals. Here is where, in conflict with the great commercial companies, Socialists "will have joined battle with the real enemy." Horrabin's geo-political cartoon, drawn with Disney verve, shows the whole force of modern transport and industrial development shifting power from the empires to the colonial peoples.

Leonard Woolf's essay on the political advance of backward peoples has the disarming lucidity of a Bach prelude, and also its inner toughness of articulation. He is, in fact, a democrat without compromise:

> Freedom is an essential part of civilisation. A free man is better than a slave, and a community of free men is better than a community of slaves or subjects. This fact is not altered by the colour of men's skins, hair, or eyes. Freedom is no less desirable in Africa than it is in Britain, and the lack or destruction of it is as ugly in Kenya as it is in Berlin. Without political freedom a community of free men is impossible, and so far, in its four thousand years of history, the human race has found no road to freedom except by some form of democratic government.
>
> It follows that the ultimate aim of our colonial government should be democratic self-government of Africa and Africans by Africans.

Of the racial inferiority which alone could invalidate this conclusion, Woolf believes there is absolutely no evidence. He demands, therefore, universal education, both elementary and advanced, local self-government in villages and tribes based on popular consent, and African membership of the central legislative and administrative councils. His urgent desire that Africans should be educated as men of the modern world makes him suspicious of anthropology applied to government, of education in the vernacular, and of indirect rule, all of which he thinks may be used to stereotype colonial peoples in provincial servitude. Commentaries on this view are supplied by Margaret Wrong's plea for education and Dr. Ward's interesting study on African languages. More cogent still is Fortes. He represents the modern anthropologists, who are entirely free from any illusions about the possibility of retaining the cultures of colonial nations intact, but who are concerned by the ruinous disintegration caused by the loss of the tribal ethics when nothing but the value of money as a means to living is offered by European rulers instead.

> Equality in a state of common material poverty, dirt and danger from disease, where it goes with equality of rights, of duties and deeply held common cultural values, is not a disorganising force in society. On the other hand, a high average standard of living and health, where it is associated with wide discrepancies of wealth, political power, and social privileges, in a society lacking vital common purposes and values, may have results only too lamentably familiar from our own history.

It behoves all Socialists to think hard how we can help the colonial peoples to travel to liberty, prosperity and scientific modernism without losing their souls, as we have so nearly lost ours, upon that road. For plain statements, especially valuable to readers for whom this may be their first introduction to the subject—and a large number of the Labour Party still think they can get off responsibility by indulging easy platitudes about the wickedness of Empire—there could not be better essays than Greenidge on land hunger, and Dr. Hinden on African poverty, both, in my opinion, models. Furnivall provides a detailed illustration with pessimistic wit. An official career passed in observation of the success of British companies and Indian rack-renters in wrecking communal land-tenure and creating wage-slavery in Burma must have been pretty embittering, but the author thinks too easily that all the motives of all people interested in colonies are self-interested. He reminds me of Effie Deans bursting out to Jeanie:

> "It's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the world are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

For all his gloom, Furnivall has more radical and, to my mind, better-conceived plans for international supervision than the anonymous author of the essay on colonies and world order. This writer wants the whole of social supervision set under the I.L.O. Certainly, the I.L.O. is the right body to plan improvement of labour conditions and to welcome the newly organised colonial trade unions. As certainly both its machinery and its delegates are unfitted for general colonial supervision, which needs a central body of colonial experts and regional representative organs.

All these essayists emphasise that the colonial peoples will in the end shape their own destiny. But as subject races, their fate is to some degree in our hands now. There is an immense popular interest in the subject, which has been growing for a generation; and the Fabian Bureau's book, which rightly aims at quickening Labour colonial policy, will serve that more generalised opinion as well.

FREDA WHITE

NEW NOVELS

Brideshead Revisited. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.

Household in Athens. By GLENWAY WESCOTT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

I Will be Good. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Secker and Warburg.* 10s. 6d.

Serious implications have been present often enough in Mr. Evelyn Waugh's previous novels. The title of *A Handful of Dust* was significant; and certain excruciating moments in that book, as when the mother hears of her little boy's death, were threatening signs of a novelist whose powers were not easily to be ignored. Those powers find full expression in *Brideshead Revisited*, a novel flagrantly defective at times in artistic sensibility, yet deeply moving in its theme and its design. It is as well to describe Mr. Waugh's faults at once; they recur constantly, both while one is reading him and while one is remembering him. They radiate almost wholly from an overpowering snobbishness: "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones," might well stand as an epigraph to Mr. Waugh's *œuvre* so far. A burden of respect for the peerage and for Eton, which those who belong to the former, or who have been to the latter, seem able lightly to discard, weighs heavily upon him; and his satiric studies of the follies and cruelties of the posh have always been remarkable for the fact that their poshness has always seemed to the author more lovable than their silliness has seemed outrageous. It is a kind of snobbishness which finds one outlet in a special vulgarity of its own There are several scenes in *Brideshead Revisited* where the narrator sets his own *savoir fair* against that of the lower characters—the scene in the Parisian restaurant with the colonial go-getter Rex, for example, or the pages satirising the transatlantic liner—and emerges as no less vulgar than his victims. It is as if a man should repeatedly point out to one that his bottom waist-coat-button is undone. This vulgarity goes very deep with Mr. Waugh; and it is not surprising that in embarking on his most serious novel he should show an addiction to the purple.

The subjects of *Brideshead Revisited* are the inescapable watchfulness of God, and the contrast between the Christian (for Mr. Waugh the Roman Catholic) sinner, and the other kind of sinner described in the cant term of our day as "pagan." Boldly, Mr. Waugh writes throughout from the point of view of the pagan, which he, a convert to Roman Catholicism, has not forgotten; even more boldly he puts some of the most devout of his Roman Catholics among his least attractive characters. The book opens with a tale of romantic friendship at Oxford in the years following the first great war. Charles Ryder, the narrator, falls in love with Lord Sebastian Flyte, the beautiful son of Lord Marchmain; Marchmain himself, once a Catholic convert, is now an apostate; Sebastian is half-pagan. The Oxford passage, comic and romantic, is the most brilliant part of the book; nothing in the later part approaches it, save the last few pages of the story proper. The farce is of a high order; the picture of the narrator's father is a masterpiece of comedy; and the seeds of the later conflict are dextrously sown.

Sebastian is tormented by his mother, whom he cannot bear to be with. The mother is a mysterious and ambiguous figure, but not dissatisfying to the reader on that account. Sebastian's father has cut himself off from her and lives in Venice with a mistress. Like Sebastian, he flees from her, and it is perhaps not an over-interpretation to see here a suggestion that she represents some of the absolute exaction, difficult to face, of the Church. Symbolic or not, she is, in the story itself, patient, wonderful, cunning and unbearable; Sebastian cannot keep Ryder to himself and away from the family; and gradually he secedes from the relationship into drunkenness and vagabondage. Ten years later, Charles again meets Sebastian's sister, Julia, unhappily married to the barbarian Rex. The family charm works again, Charles falls in love with her, and is, in a curious phrase, "made free of her narrow loins" during a gale in mid-Atlantic. For two years their love survives happily; they are both about to be divorced in order to marry each other, when Julia feels "a twitch upon the thread"; she is reminded that she is living in a state of unchanging mortal sin, and cannot escape that consciousness; in the final pages, Charles is dismissed; we have already learned that Sebastian, far away in Morocco, has also felt the twitch upon the thread. The second part of the book falls far below the first; not only because for many pages we live in the dimensions of a gaudy novelette, enlivened, if at all, by the author's testiness at other people's bad taste, but because Julia is only a theme and not a person, whereas Sebastian has been both. Julia is alive only in her final speeches; and then simply because what she says is alive.

Underneath all the disfigurements, and never for long out of sight, there is in *Brideshead Revisited* a fine and brilliant book; its plan and a good deal of its execution are masterly, and it haunts one for days after one has read it. If one is reminded of François Mauriac it is not because Mr. Waugh's book is derivative, but for two other reasons. One remembers how much M. Mauriac can take for granted in his audience: Christian or agnostic, it knows what Catholicism is about. Mr. Waugh is in the far more difficult position of writing to an audience which in general is without that knowledge; he acquits himself convincingly, even to the pagan reader. Secondly, M. Mauriac reminds one of a lack in Mr. Waugh, r the great French novelist has sympathy with, d love for, the actual emotions of human beings. his sympathy and love are things no novelist n get along without ; they are things which r. Waugh is still in the process of acquiring or acquiring. A hard task ; for they do not ways survive religious conversion.

Household in Athens, Mr. Glenway Wescott's w book, is unusual among war-novels. Shock-ctics of technique, hysteria, over-loaded local lour, eager, unscrupulous cashing-in on the isasters of others : these are absent. It is not erely the intelligence and the watchful eye that ve been engaged here. The heart is a dangerous ecessity to the novelist ; but it is, after all, his sual starting-point, however far away he gets om it. It is the first way of access which the uthor has to his characters. Mr. Wescott els as deeply about his Greek family under the erman occupation as the peace-time novelist els about the creatures who build themselves p in his imagination and demand release. is four Greeks are thoroughly envisaged, the mplexity of their plight, the slow, day-to-day orror, the mental dissolution and metamorhosis, the fantastic tricks played upon the mind y physical decay, are described with a realism f great calmness and strength. There is no cal colour—a great relief. The Acropolis ises before us for a moment, but not for that urpose. There are no atrocities. It is a novel hich explores its territory with great sincerity ; t is a deliberately restricted territory, but there e moments when Mrs. Helianos's struggle with espair reaches out beyond the historical situation hich provokes it. It is a profoundly moving ook.

I Will be Good promises at first sight, and in its pening pages, to be a well-written, leisurely, scapist, comic novel ; but into it one fails to scape. Nor is one meant to, though it might e possible to read the book as a romantic historical ovel of immoral high-life in France in the eigheen-sixties, differing from others only by an nusual twist of fantasy. In point of fact, it has n almost Jamesian " idea " provoking it : a uccessful English lady novelist comes to live ith a French family whom she well-meaningly, ut insidiously and disastrously, persuades to ehave like characters in one of her own romances. t is part of the great cleverness of the book that ne is made to conjecture for oneself—and ccurately, one believes—how the characters ould have behaved if left to their real life. One knows, every time a wrong turning is taken, what the right alternative would have been. Between the amusing opening chapters and the beginning of the mischief there is an hiatus where one is out of step with the author's intention ; as soon as this intention is clear the book is completely entertaining.

HENRY REED

POLEMIC AGAINST PLANNING

Science and the Planned State. By JOHN R. BAKER. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

If I were planning science—neither Dr. Baker nor I wish for this improbable situation—one of the first tasks I should give to a " research team " would be this : What are the psychological mechanisms which cause so many people to choose some problem of the day and regard it as a Zoroastrian struggle between Light and Darkness ? The fashionable type of problem for such treatment changes with the lapse of time, running round the circle of religion, sex, politics and back again. Why and how did the social and psychological frustrations of people in 17th century England lead them to become passionate partisans of some particular metaphorical statement about the admittedly inexpressible nature of Godhead, although from this distance in time one would say that their main historical task was bringing about an economic and political revolution ? Will the future historian find our frenzied dualism about politics equally odd ?

Perhaps not ; political questions certainly appear pretty important at this juncture. Which makes any attempt to deal with them in simple black-and-white terms still more unfortunate. Dr. Baker is a bad case of Zoroastrianism. It is as though somebody, driving home some argument about planning, had caught him a sound blow on the thumb with a sledge hammer. To say that he has developed an allergy to planning, and particularly to the Soviet Union, is to use a mild metaphor. His present pamphlet is a polemic against those who think that Soviet science leads the world in achievement, and who urge that all scientists should be set rigidly to work on officially allocated tasks. It is not, of course, very easy to find anyone who supports either of these theses ; but Dr. Baker is so convinced of the reality of the dangers against which he is crusading that he can spot them in the woolly ambiguities of a British Association resolution. His quotations from other scientists are selective in a way which may be somewhat deceptive to his intended audience, which apparently includes readers who do not know the meaning of the word " semen." For instance, Bernal's views on the values and ideals of science are summarised thus : " Prof. J. D. Bernal, for instance, sneered at science outside the Soviet Union as an 'elegant pastime.' Elsewhere he writes of science (apart from its applications) as a 'game.' " Oddly enough, the only quotation from J. B. S. Haldane, the most copiously self-confessed materialist of present-day scientists, is a passage which is brought forward to qualify him for Dr. Baker's anti-materialist team.

The low level of debate at which this book is written is all the more disappointing because there is a real need, as Dr. Baker has recognised, for a study of the kind and quantity of freedom which scientists require for their work. It is true, as he says, that most recent discussions have emphasised the importance of planning and direction —which are also needed, and in my opinion, more pressingly at present. But the other side of the case also requires thinking out and stating. The only sensible object to aim at is to increase both planning and freedom at the same time. Mutual accusations of intellectual treason are not a promising line of advance towards this.

C. H. WADDINGTON

PRIVATE AMBASSADOR

A Cockney on Main Street. By HERBERT HODGE. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Readers of *Cab, Sir* and *It's Draughty in Front* will remember Mr. Hodge as a taxi-driver with an uncommon knack of presenting himself on paper. He could talk just enough about himself ; he was curious about living, people, jobs, politics ; a nice common-sense distinguished all that he wrote. He had, in fact, many of those plain qualities that attach sometimes to a plain name—to Johnson, Butler, Smith—and whether it was the pleasure of discovering that at last a Hodge had arisen, or an increased respect for taxi-drivers in general, I was delighted both as a reader and as a Londoner by the success of Mr. Hodge's writing. He gave some very good wireless talks before the war ; and later, being unfit for military service, he took to driving a bus. *A Cockney on Main Street* describes a nine-months' interruption of bus-driving, when the author made an exacting lecture-tour of the United States and Canada. Which was the harder work, constant lecturing or bus-driving, Mr. Hodge doesn't tell us ; excitement, I think, kept him going where others would have dropped. Among all our indefatigable ambassadors of

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good will—to judge from their own variable reports—Mr. Hodge would be my first choice. The opposite, let's say, of Mr. Noel Coward: plain spoken, modest, shrewd, humane, eager to experience and to communicate to others. He didn't go down so well with the women's clubs: certificate of merit.

When Mr. Hodge, at the invitation of the Workers' Education Bureau, sailed for America under a general instruction to "tell them about England" he didn't know quite what he was going to tell, doubted if he was the one to tell it. His first contact with a lively audience—for he is obviously a natural speaker, who enjoys give-and-take—solved the problem: he talked as it came, about England and the war, working men, trade unionism, society as it is and as it might be. While he communicated these impressions and ideas of home, he was busy discovering the people among whom he was visiting. Queer America, with its energy and cynicism, its youthfulness, its parade, its tin-can enjoyments, its nineteenth-century social ideals. Mr. Hodge made the discoveries that only come to those who experience not by cogitation but by rubbing shoulders; thus, there is originality in his reply to the question: "What is your chief impression of America?" To which he answered spontaneously: "How efficient we are in England." This wasn't said for effect, or to tease. Inefficiency in the larger social sphere is, in fact, a predominant trend that Mr. Hodge noticed in a score of ways, big and small. The fight between capital and labour, the exclusive importance of money, the strikes, the racketeering, and the corrupt politics: these at one end of the scale, and hotel management, customs officers at the other. But, exasperating or not, American life found in Mr. Hodge a fascinated and tireless observer. Some of his engagements took him into the out-of-the-way corners of national eccentricity: for example, the Hollywood breakfast, with 1,000 present, at which snacks of grape fruit intermingled with Swedish exercises and outbursts of song. Mr. Hodge had to compose himself at half-past eight in the morning to address this audience. What he said, we aren't told; indeed, we could do with another book, complementary to this one, and giving Mr. Hodge's current impressions of England. When he arrived in America he was full of England and when he left he was almost as full of America: an enthusiasm that overflows briskly, humorously, warmly into his pages.

American energy and kindliness obviously won him, but not to the extent of clouding criticism. Here is one of several passages that might be quoted to illustrate the weight of Mr. Hodge's common sense. After saying that America, with many more millions to govern than ourselves, lacks social conscience and political gumption, he goes on:

> All the same, whatever our political advantages, we are in Britain at least fifty years ahead of the States in social organisation; and—solely in the interests of future world co-operation—Americans need to be told so, again and again and again, until the people as a whole realise it. At the moment, they know only the worst about us—every last jot and tittle of it. And the worst about us makes a pretty black record. Ancient crimes and stupidities that we have long forgotten are still current history in the States. The tale of how the "brutal British redcoats" burned down Washington in 1812 is still on everybody's lips. (I had never heard of it until I went to America. Now, I shall never be able to forget it; I heard about it so often.) Little Italian children gather round you in Boston harbour, proudly reciting the Ride of Paul Revere. Highly conservative business men (comically enough) talk of "the British" in words and phrases that might have been lifted straight out of a *Daily Worker* anti-Tory article. Minor, and even petty, details admittedly. But when you meet them in their thousands, as I did, floating just under the surface of American good will towards you as a person, you realise how powerful they are in determining the attitude of Americans towards us as a nation.

Shrewd, friendly words. Mr. Hodge's opinions, thank heaven, belong to no obvious category; right or wrong, they are his own. I should like him now—if the country can spare him from bus-driving—to undertake a similar visit to Russia. He couldn't of course lecture to the Russians, but he could meet and communicate with them, and I can think of few men better fitted to create understanding with our other great and difficult ally.

G. W. STONIER

A NEW WRITER?

A Roof Over Your Head. By BILL NAUGHTON. *Pilot Press.* 7s. 6d.

It is difficult to judge this book without bias. The circumstances in which it was written, the personality of the writer and the background of his life sidetrack one's attention from the book itself, and make independent claims upon one's capacity for sympathy. The publishers are enthusiastic about Mr. Naughton; and certainly there is something compelling about his singleness of mind—this Irish peasant by birth with a Lancashire working-class upbringing, casual laboure lorry-driver, coal-carrier, who in the teeth of th most hostile circumstances set himself to follo what he felt to be his destiny—that of a write After his day's labour he went to bed at seve got up at midnight and wrote till dawn. H wrote "in bed, lorry and lavatory"; on his fir story he worked for eight months, covering mor than two hundred pages—the completed manuscript was eleven pages long. *A Roof Over You Head* is his first book, the account of his earl life and struggles, of the slow development of hi personality. It is a story of slums, of the dole, o hunger, told from the inside; a story of muc pathos, of a pervading idealism, of courage an a tremendous determination. And all that is wha makes unbiased criticism so difficult.

If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pain Mr. Naughton clearly qualifies for it. Moreove *A Roof Over Your Head* shows that he has finely attuned sensitiveness, a genuinely poeti vision at times (the Irishman in him is frequentl noticeable here), a gift of grasping the essence o a situation, of perceiving the significance behin things. But all this is not in itself sufficient, fo Mr. Naughton's is a special case. It is eviden that, in the sureness of his own gifts, he ha burned the bridges behind him, has left the worl into which he was born and into which h married. The psychological and actual upheava in his life that this must have entailed is onl suggested in a sentence or two; possibly he ha not yet gained the necessary detachment to writ about it. At any rate, he has staked his entir future on one card, and if this card should fai to be turned up it would have tragic consequences. (There is a subject for a great novel i this, and if his own and his publishers' belief i his powers is justified, he might yet write it.)

But, apart from the natural weaknesses of comparatively inexperienced writer—a stylisti exuberance, a certain lack of discipline and form (he often leaps disconcertingly about in his story alternates for no good reason between the pas and the present tense, between the first and th third person singular) and his writing tends to b fragmentary and unco-ordinated—there is weakness that is rather more serious and fundamental. He is nearly all feeling, all sensations an reactions expressed and put down on paper—an that often rather vaguely, as if he himself coul not altogether cope with them. The substance i at times hardly perceived, only the shadow an the reflection of the substance, and this makes fo a vagueness, a woolliness in the writing, a sor

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TRAVEL FOR PLEASURE

YOU MAY HAVE TO GO QUITE a long way to find King Six Cigars, which are very scarce at present, but the successful search means a great deal of pleasure. 1/- each.

Company Meeting

MARKS & SPENCER

THE nineteenth ordinary general meetin of Marks & Spencer, Ltd., was held o Tuesday, June 19, in London, Sir Simo Marks, D.Sc. (chairman and managing director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

The net profits for the year are £1,916,487, compared with £1,574,029 last year. This increase has arisen from a larger turnover, particularly in the catering department. Supplies have not kept pace with sales, and the replacement of stock has been restricted by the continued heavy curtailment of supplies for civilian needs.

The directors propose that this year our final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary share capital should be 25 per cent., making 40 per cent., compared with 35 per cent. for last year.

All the material requirements of our civilisation—housing, foodstuffs, clothing amenities—are short in supply and heavy in demand. The nation is hungry for them, not only in quantity and quality, but, above all, at a price it can afford to pay. But if the needs of the people are to be satisfied in the necessary quantities quickly and at reasonable prices, the methods and techniques learned in the war will have to be applied and even improved.

Our experience enables us to translate consumer demand into production of the kind of goods our customers would desire to buy at a reasonable price.

The progress of our business amply demonstrates that there is a vast market which can be reached only by the creation of the maximum value in goods to fit the purse of the great majority of the public.

The report was adopted.

surface fog that hides the true, hard kernel what he writes about. In the last chapter, the uthor confesses to being led by a kind of intui- n; and intuition alone can be disastrous for a iter as well as for a dictator. Mr. Naughton is idealist; but an idealist who turns his face ay from reality will never make a good writer: ere will always be something lacking in his ork—a breadth, a depth, a sure foundation. If r. Naughton would learn to come out of himself little, to regard himself and his own feelings ith more detachment, above all to distrust this tuition, at least as far as his work is concerned, e card on which he has staked his future may e turned up. And somehow one hopes that it ill.

W. P. RILLA

Week-end Competitions

No. 804

t by W. R.

The usual prizes are offered for twenty lines of erse in which a speculative builder describes the uses which he hopes to sprinkle over the country- le in the sacred name of Private Enterprise. ntries by July 3.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 801

t by Juggins

I have often thought I could work wonders as a canvasser using the claims of the candidate I did not wish to win. Six guineas are offered for five succinct remarks I might use in pretended support respectively of a Labour, a Liberal, a Communist, a Common Wealth, and a Conservative, candidate.

eport by Juggins

Competitors showed great zest—one of them, E. J., was apparently so delighted at the possibilities at he ignored the word "respectively" and sent ve pleas for the Conservative. I recommend a inea each to Richard Pomfret, D. W. Barker, M.E.A.D. (please send name and address), Leslie ohnson, Ralph Elsley and H. Lomax. I append a w selections from other entries.

Labour : Why, even Hitler supported Socialism.

Liberal : I need only remind you of the record of at great Liberal, Lord Simon.

Communist : Remember, under Communism you ill have nothing to lose but your chains.

Common Wealth : My candidate is in a position promise you anything.

Conservative : It is Private Enterprise which has kept the home fires burning.

RICHARD POMFRET

Labour : As for preaching disarmament, the fact is we were so high-minded, our principles were so pure, that we really couldn't feel there was going to be a war at all.

Liberal : And, of course, we shan't just be the mouthpiece of any set of vested interests. In fact (and we are rather proud of this) we claim that we shan't really be representing anybody at all.

Communist : Don't you feel it would be heavenly to have your whole life planned for you by really brilliant and good and far-seeing men, no worries about property or investments or politics or leisure or anything? You'd be able to give all your mind to work, and love, and all the things that really matter.

Common Wealth : I know Sir Richard gave up a tremendous lot to the country, but we don't expect everybody to give up as much as that. If your all is a little thing you just give up a little thing . . . that *is* clear, isn't it . . . ?

Conservative : And what other party has experience of governing? Don't you realise we were in power almost continuously between the wars?

D. W. BARKER

Labour : And just think how well controls have worked in wartime . . that's really all we want to do.

Liberal : They do see both sides of the question . . . neither absolutely one thing or the other if you see what I mean.

Communist : . . . and I ask you—who won the war—Russia or us?

Common Wealth : . . . such a very idealistic party.

Conservative : And remember after all, we do owe something to Churchill.

M. E. A. D.

Labour : Surely you agree that it's about time Attlee took over from Churchill.

Liberal : Of course, there are progressives *and* progressives. Our candidate is the gentlemanly sort.

Communist : I know we called it an imperialist war at first, but you must admit we were very awkwardly placed.

Common Wealth : It would be no good having a Labour Government without plenty of our fellows to ginger them up—they simply wouldn't do a thing.

Conservative : If you're thankful that we've won the war in Europe, why not show your gratitude in the only decent way?

LESLIE JOHNSON

Labour : They say he stood up for his views as a conscientious objector in the last war.

Liberal : He is determined to make the reading of the Beveridge Report compulsory to all citizens.

Communist : He is acknowledged as one of Mr. Churchill's severest critics.

Common Wealth : He claims the support of the New Testament for the principle of common ownership.

Conservative : Ribbentrop used to refer to him as the politest of my English hosts.

RALPH ELSLEY

Labour : Yes, I know Mr. Oldanmild is getting on in years, but the Lamplighters' Union *must* have a younger secretary, and it would be such a shame if Mr. Oldanmild had to end his days in poverty.

Liberal : Of course Mr. Cobdenbright is against all this State interference really, but you see Sir William Beveridge is such a *popular* figure.

Communist : Mr. Bickering has even suffered imprisonment for his ideals. Yes, he was convicted of sedition—or was it seduction? Anyhow, it was one of those things that only a bourgeois would condemn.

Common Wealth : Dick Acland says we've come to the end of an age. So we're going to abolish the House of Lords. Oh, no, my dear, Acland isn't a peer: he's only a baronet!

Conservative : We Conservatives have *always* made a point of having Forces candidates. There was Capt. Ramsay, and . . .

H. LOMAX

Labour : "If you put the Tories back in Parliament they will let everyone do as they like!"

G. WESTRUP

Liberal : "Even if wages do drop a little under Free Trade, you will be able to make up for it by buying cheap goods from abroad instead of our better-class English goods."

STANLEY FRENCH

Liberal : "Left and Right are both extremes. We represent the mean."

ECIRUAM SSORC

Communist : "Double the Party Strength in the House."

RICHARD J. H. ISAACS

Common Wealth : "Come now, my dear sir, confess that you don't really *enjoy* being better off than your neighbours?"

ALLAN M. LAING

Common Wealth : "And Sir Richard's so cultured, isn't he?"

NORMA HALL

Conservative : "He has had a personal letter of good wishes from Lord Baldwin, recalling his loyalty to Mr. Chamberlain."

A. E. E. R.

Conservative : "Let me give you but one example of what private enterprise can do. Look at our Press to-day."

W. H. M.

Conservative : "After all, it was brave old Mr. Chamberlain who flew to Munich."

L. E. J.

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

SIR HERBERT MORGAN'S SPEECH

THE sixteenth ordinary general meeting of mith's Potato Crisps (1929), Ltd., was held n June 14 in London.

Sir Herbert E. Morgan, K.B.E. (the chair- an), in the course of his speech, said: he net profit for the year, after provision r taxation, amounts to £88,967, as against 84,148 for the previous year. This is a esult with which I feel the shareholders ill be well satisfied, though adjustments n our tax position are partly responsible. he directors have no hesitation in making he same recommendation as last year for final dividend of 20 per cent. and a cash onus of 5 per cent., making a total dis- ribution of 32½ per cent. for the year for he eighth year in succession.

The year just passed has been subject to onditions which have affected the prosperity f many businesses. There has been a con- tant drain on manpower for war purposes; e have had higher wages and an increased ost of raw materials to face. Nevertheless, yself and my colleagues were never more ptimistic with regard to the future of the ompany than we are to-day.

HIGH PERCENTAGE OF FOOD VALUE

Give us the labour and material, and we hall soon eclipse our pre-war turnover. We eserve friendly popularity which I con- ider firmly established for all time. But uch a reputation does not just happen! It is based on the solid foundation of the quality of Smith's Potato Crisps with their high percentage of food value. It is also the result of cooking the right potatoes—and we know the right potatoes and control their production.

We greatly regret that we have not been able to meet the persistent and sometimes clamorous demands for Crisps, but we have done our best. The future of this business lies in the demand being maintained, and we are sure that not only will it be maintained, but will be increased as soon as we are in a position to supply it. I do not think our old friends will ever desert us, but I foresee in the future a demand above that of pre-war days. In the future millions of new housewives who will be faced with the responsibilities of home-keeping will wish to take advantage of the use of Smith's Potato Crisps, because they are a prepared product of real food value, appetising, economical, easily served hot or cold, and conveniently packed.

Before I finish my speech I must again pay tribute to Mr. Frank Smith, our founder and managing director. He is approaching the completion of the first twenty-five years of his brilliant leadership. During that quarter of a century he has never ceased to apply the whole of his resourceful capacity and energy to the furtherance of this famous enterprise. To the whole of our executive and staff also appreciation is due. They continue to show zeal and enthusiasm in their duties and are a most efficient band, loyally devoted to the company.

The report was adopted.

Personal

IF you agree Tom Driberg has done worthwhile job as Independent M.P. for Maldon, Essex, past 3 years, please help fund secure his return as Labour Candidate. Trustees, 98 High St., Maldon, Essex.

VOLUNTEER Harvest Camp at Esher, Surrey. Few vacs. (17–30 years), July 1st–22nd. Dets. from Organiser, Internat. Youth Council, 30 Pont St., S.W.1.

HELPERS, cars, donations, urgently needed by Chelsea Labour Party, 423 King's Rd., S.W.3. Phone: Flax, 1885.

POLISH language teacher wanted for beginner. Box 8983.

ELECTION campaign. For hire, loud-speaker car with mike and record player. Also equipment for use in halls. Charles Britain Radio, "Eureka," Surrey Gardens, Effingham Jct., Surrey.

YOUNG lady artist, S.S.A., seeks holiday post au pair, July. Box 9352.

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LABOUR Monthly. Special Election Number (in place of usual July 1st issue). Articles on various aspects of Election Policy by R. P. Dutt, Wm. Gallacher Harry Pollitt, Gladys Driver and other well-known contributors. From Publishers: 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3. Post Paid, 7*d.*

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